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AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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ALL HAIL! OUR GOOD KING GEORGE

Old England Starts Again

THE MOTHERLAND & HER CHILDREN SET OUT ON A NEW ADVENTURE

King Edward has left his throne and his people. He was not able to rise to the high level of the sacrifice demanded for kingship.

AND so Old England, with sixty kings and a thousand years of history behind her, with her children close to her at home in Ireland and Scotland and Wales, with her great Dominions scattered far and wide, on every continent and in a hundred little islands of the seas, sets out on a new adventure.

Once more we have a King and Queen and a happy family about our Throne; once more we feel that the good tradition of King George and Queen Mary is being carried on. Once more we think of the ringing words of Tennyson as he thought of our Court without a stain, raised high in fame by a virtuous Queen:

Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and queen;

And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

Looking Back and Forward

It is good for us all to have on our throne a king who has loved most of all in his life the weeks he has spent with boys in camp; to have, sharing his throne, a queen from the ranks of our people, dear to all our hearts; and to have about them little children at their play. Perhaps Queen Mary, looking on in her great sorrow, will think of the happy days before the war and will be glad to see a happy family round the Throne again.

As for the rest of us, the millions in London, and in our great cities, and everywhere in the little country places, we shall carry on. Our lives are in God's hand. Our destinies are not swayed here and there by whims and fancies. We look back into our history and see the solemn way that we have come; we look on into the future and see that this country will be greater and greater yet. No evil thing can destroy a nation that is true to itself.

When we look back and see the struggle and the sacrifice, the bitter suffering and the high devotion to duty, that have raised this nation to so great a fame in the world, we must be proud of our people and glad to think that all this spirit is not dead.

There is still the sense of duty left. There is still the heroic spirit among us. The men who gave their lives, the youths who sacrificed their future, the women who gave up all, the children whose little hearts were broken by something they did not know—all this lives among us and keeps us at our posts.

The swift-moving changes of these days, the love of pleasure that we see on every hand, the willingness to let things go, and the sneering at old-fashioned things, have not shaken the strong foundations on which the English-speaking peoples stand.

Holding Fast

It has been something worth living for to see this nation and this empire holding fast to what is good, to see our people quitting themselves like men, not casting out honour and virtue and faith and truth, but casting out rather vanity and glory and great possessions that we might keep the secret of our strength.

The powers that strengthen the Throne and give its shining glory to the Crown remain. The things that are seen pass away; the things that are unseen are eternal.

Wherever the flag flies our people have been strong and true. The great parliaments of the Dominions, equal in responsibility with the Motherland, have not failed in this great hour. Three kings there have been in the British Empire this year (almost the only year in British history that has known three kings), but from London to New Zealand, from Sydney to Ottawa, from Delhi to Capetown, the great ring of welcome has reached the ears of a king who has risen to the height of duty and has come to the Throne to carry on the spirit of King George.

We Shall Not Fail

He has come to the most dazzling throne the world has ever seen. He rules one-quarter of the human race. Never was a king more loyally accepted by so great a multitude of people, and we shall carry on.

We live in grave days for mankind, with peace in the balance and all nations of goodwill looking to the British Empire to be the bulwark of freedom and defender of justice on the earth. At such an hour King Edward failed his people, but at such an hour his people will not fail mankind.

The King is gone!

Long live the King!



Proclamation of our High and Mighty King George the Sixth in London

The Most Astonishing Day in History

NEVER since our history began has this country (or the world) seen such a day as we saw last week. Once round the clock, from midday on Thursday to midday on Friday, and the ruler of one quarter of the human race stepped down from his throne and left his kingdoms to his brother.

Five kingdoms and the Indian Empire Edward the Eighth abandoned to live a private life and have his way.

This was the prayer with which the chaplain opened the House of Commons last Thursday afternoon:

O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only Ruler of princes, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth; most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favour to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord, King Edward; and so replenish him with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that he may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way.

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THE KING WHO LEFT HIS PEOPLE

And the New King on the Throne

A NATION HAPPY AGAIN

No more moving address has ever been broadcast than the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury on Sunday night.

We give here his beautiful words about the new King George the Sixth and his grave words about the King who left his people to go his own way.

What pathos, nay, what tragedy, surrounds the central figure of these swiftly moving scenes! King Edward, after speaking his last words to his people, left Windsor Castle, the centre of all the splendid traditions of his ancestors and his Throne, and went out an exile. In the darkness he left these shores.

Seldom, if ever, has any British Sovereign come to the Throne with greater natural gifts for his kingship. Seldom, if ever, has any Sovereign been welcomed by a more enthusiastic loyalty. From God he had received a high and sacred trust; yet by his own will he has abdicated—he has surrendered the trust.

The Craving For Happiness

With characteristic frankness he has told us his motive. It was a craving for private happiness. Strange and sad it must be that for such a motive, however strongly it pressed upon his heart, he should have disappointed hopes so high and abandoned a trust so great.

Even more strange and sad it is that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage, and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people.

Let those who belong to this circle know that today they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward. I have shrunk from saying these words. But I have felt compelled for the sake of sincerity and truth to say them.

The Pity of It

Yet for one who has known him since his childhood, who has felt his charm and admired his gifts, these words cannot be the last. How can we forget the high hopes and promise of his youth; his most genuine care for the poor, the suffering, the unemployed; his years of eager service both at home and across the seas? It is the remembrance of these things that wrings from our heart the cry—"The pity of it. Oh, the pity of it!" To the infinite mercy and the protecting care of God we commit him now, wherever he may be.

So much for the past. The darkness of an anxious time is over. A new reign has begun. George the Sixth is King. In manner and speech he is more quiet and reserved than his brother. (And here may I add a parenthesis which may not be unhelpful. When his people listen to him they will note an occasional and momentary hesitation in his speech. But he has brought it into full control, and to those who hear it need cause no sort of embarrassment, for it causes none to him who speaks.) He is frank, straightforward, unaffected.

High Ideals

The 6000 boys from our public schools and from the homes of working-folk whom for the last 15 years he has gathered in the comradeship of a summer camp know that he has been himself a boy among them.

King George will have at his side the gentle strength and quiet wisdom of a wife who has already endeared herself to all by her grace, her charm, her bright and eager kindness of heart. As for her

Farewell

To Dr Dugald Christie, Scottish missionary, who has passed away at 82

He was an apprentice in a Glasgow drapery business when he heard the call and decided to become a missionary. In 1882, after qualifying as a doctor, he joined the Presbyterian Mission and was the first medical missionary sent to Manchuria. The only Christian in a land that hated foreigners, he began his great work in an atmosphere of ignorant mistrust and opposition; even the Manchurian doctors believed that illness was caused by evil spirits and were suspicious of his medical treatment. Only a very courageous man could have carried on in the face of all this bitter opposition; but Dr Christie triumphed over all obstacles and remained in Manchuria through wars, plagues, floods, and famines for 40 years, always scornful of danger. He founded the first hospital in Manchuria and the first Medical School for training Chinese doctors, and started the first Red Cross work in China.

In front of the Medical College at Mukden is a bronze bust of Dugald Christie with the words "his virtue and merit are imperishable."

To Sir Charles Holmes, painter and critic

As an editor he was for many years a powerful influence in the world of art. In 1904 he became Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford, and in 1909 director of the National Portrait Gallery, where in seven happy years he was responsible for many improvements. His distinguished career was crowned in 1916 when he was appointed director of the National Gallery, a position he held until 1928. His name will live long in the annals of English art, both as painter and critic. He was a great painter of English landscape, and many of his pictures of industrial scenes portrayed vividly the beauty dwelling in unexpected places.

The work of Sir Charles Holmes lives on in many fine books and much-cherished paintings in the Tate Gallery, and in many other galleries in the provinces and in the Dominions.

To Señor Don Juan de la Cierva, inventor of the autogiro

He was a Spaniard, and never ceased to be proud of being one, but he had worked in England for the last ten years, and it was in this country that he had found the opportunity of coming to the front as a designer of aircraft. His invention of the autogiro stamped him as a genius, its underlying principle of safety in the air without speed opening up new vistas in the realms of flight. He was only 41, but he had won high honour in many parts of the world, and his death in the terrible disaster to the Royal Dutch air liner at Purley is an immeasurable loss to science.

To Bobby Abel, the great cricketer, who has passed on at 79

Affectionately known as The Guv'nor, he was one of the shining lights of Surrey cricket, playing his first match for the county in 1881 and his last in 1904. He also played for England with great distinction. Though a little man, he was a giant as a batsman, and his 357 not out in 1897 remains the highest score ever made for Surrey.

His health had failed him and he was almost blind in his last few years, but his interest in cricket never waned. Now he has gone, and all lovers of our great English game mourn the passing of one of its great figures.

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dear children, I will only say that they are as delightful and fascinating as she was in her own childhood as I remember it over 30 years ago. Truly it is good to think that among all the homes of the Empire (the homes from which all that is best within it springs) none can be more happy and united than the home of our King and Queen.

OLD FAITHFUL PASSES ON Two Horses of the Great War

A horse hero of the Great War has been buried in the grounds of Rise Park, Captain Adrian Bethell's seat near Beverley.

The horse, called Suzette, was 32, and joined the Life Guards in 1911, taking part in all ceremonial parades in London till the war broke out, when she went to the Front. She took part in the Battle of Mons and the great Retreat, was wounded on the Aisne, and was in the war four years up to the Armistice. She took part in the rally of the Old Contemptibles at Sheffield last September, when she was greatly cheered in the streets, leading the Hull branch.

From our South African correspondent comes news of the passing of another veteran war horse, of whose end a remarkable story is told.

Dingaen was the charger's name, and Sergeant Milsom of the South African Police was his master. For 18 years Dingaen carried him all over the country—through the German South-West African Campaign in 1914, through the Johannesburg Strike in 1922, and through many other troublous times; and he bore the scars of his honourable service.

When the sergeant retired his faithful steed entered into honourable retirement with him, but a few months ago Dingaen's health began to fail and it was decided that his sufferings must be ended. It was arranged that he should be shot one morning. When the time came, however, the old horse was not to be found. During the night Dingaen had returned to his old stable at the police barracks and there had died.

There is a horse named Satan who still comes daily to the sergeant's house as though hoping to see his old friend Dingaen. He whinnies for a while and then goes slowly away.

PEACE IN THE WEST

The All-America Peace Conference, opened by President Roosevelt at Buenos Aires, has achieved its chief object—a plan for keeping peace in the Western Hemisphere, to which all the 21 American Republics have agreed.

THE ASTONISHING DAY

Continued from page 1

A few minutes more and the Prime Minister rose, amid the breathless excitement of Parliament, and declared that King Edward had decided to walk in his own way.

Mr Baldwin handed to the Speaker a message from the King in which he abdicated from the Throne and surrendered all his dignities, titles, and revenues. The Prime Minister, in a moving speech which will live in history because of its simplicity, told how he had pleaded in vain with the King, and in less than one round of the clock the House of Commons and the House of Lords had passed an Act of Abdication.

At four on Thursday the nation learned that the King had abdicated; at 1.52 the next afternoon the Abdication was complete. On Saturday morning the Duke of York became King George the Sixth, and was proclaimed in the afternoon with all the nation listening as the BBC sent out the impressive words of Garter King of Arms on the balcony of St James's, read out again by the Prime Minister of Canada at Ottawa, and repeated in all the Dominions.

On Friday night Prince Edward said farewell to the nation, broadcasting from Windsor Castle, and in the darkness of the early hours he drove in his car to Portsmouth, lost himself on the way to the harbour and was told the way by a man standing there, boarded a destroyer, and passed into exile. So passes the glory of a prince among men.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

There are now 2000 motor-buses in Germany driven by gas derived from wood.

An age-old dream of flower-lovers seems likely to come true at last, for Edward Stroh, an American horticulturist, tells us that he has grown 3000 thornless rose bushes this year.

Filey has decided that next year the sand donkeys are to rest all Sunday, and have an hour off in the middle of every weekday.

Mrs Joseph Conrad, the famous novelist's widow, has died in Guy's Hospital.

The League of Nations Union publishes an excellent diary for 1937 with 25 pages given to League work and achievements.

Last week the two most famous titles in England were King Edward the Eighth and the Duke of York. Today both have disappeared, and their bearers are now Duke of Windsor and King George the Sixth.

Coronation souvenirs which it was feared would be wasted are being sold as curios.

PRIDE OF YORK

Funds are required for the restoration of the Norman porch of York's fine church of St Margaret's in Walmgate.

The pillars were refashioned about 12 years ago, but more restoration is needed if this magnificent porch is to be preserved. Its four mouldings are richly ornamented, the grotesques and figures including the signs of the zodiac, a man warming himself at a fire, a butcher with a pig, a series of astonishing monsters, a goat blowing a horn, and a dragon tearing up a tree. For 800 years this porch with its wonderful sculptures has been the pride of York, and we hope it will long remain.

THINGS SEEN

Princess Margaret Rose skipping in the garden while her Uncle David was leaving the Throne.

A white cat in the Temple keeping warm on the radiator of a car.

A judge at Swansea Assizes beginning his summing-up in one reign and ending in the next.

THINGS SAID

The blue Police Telephone Boxes are for the public to use, and we want you to use them. Scotland Yard

There should be an official who would advise the Board of Education when a film travesties historical facts. Lord Mersey

The pretext for Franco's rebellion was that Spain was in a state of anarchy; his rebellion has reduced the country to chaos and savagery. Letter in The Times

Though it is now possible to make gold, whoever hopes to make money by this method might as well save bus fares by taking taxis. Commander R. T. Gould

As we face the breaking up of the worldly things in which we trust, so we discover that they only obscured the abiding and eternal. Canon C. E. Raven

The flea is a small thing, but a flea in a man's clothes is an elephant in pasture. Marquis of Dufferin in the Lords

Thank you very much

Last words of King Edward on English soil, to one who showed his chauffeur the way

The events of the week have shown us once more the strength of the Throne and the steadiness of the people.

Archbishop of Canterbury

THE FAMILY ROUND THE THRONE AGAIN

It is the secret of the strength of the British people that it has always had a deep and vigorous faith in the importance of the Throne, and in the domestic virtues which spring from happy homes. It is the delight of the British people that once again

they see a happy family round the Throne. As in the days of George the Fifth, now in the days of George the Sixth the Throne is cemented by the affection of father, mother, and children, the domestic scene beloved throughout the world.

FROM a cloudy night we awake to a brighter day. Those whom we have known with such esteem and true affection as the Duke and Duchess of York stand with their children Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose as the guardians of the Throne which binds together all our British peoples at home and overseas.

We remember now some words spoken by the new King's father when he went to open the first Australian Parliament in Canberra which seem most fitting at this hour in the life of the nation:

Today marks the end of an epoch and the beginning of another, and one's thoughts turn instinctively to what the future may have in store. One's own life would hardly be worth living without its dreams of better things, and the life of a nation without such dreams of a better and larger future would be poor indeed.

Character in a King

It rests with the King as with all of us to make such dreams come true; and true they will come if we go forward into the new day bound in mutual confidence. Confidence in the King his people certainly have, for he has won it by unfaltering steadiness of character and by a sincerity that has marked his every word and action. It is character that we ask of our King, and the new King has the stability and steadiness for which his father was famous. They are qualities we welcome round the Throne once more.

But there is something more the King has won through a simple and unostentatious devotion to duty. He has won friendship wherever he has gone, and it has been strengthened by that affection which was the bridal gift bestowed on the Duchess by the people of England from the moment she became his wife. If affection were the crown of their happy marriage, it flowered into complete devotion when Princess Elizabeth came to bless it. There was a moment in the life of these three when the heart of the people became theirs for ever.

Baby

When little Elizabeth was a baby her mother had to leave her because the Duke and Duchess were required to set out on a voyage to the Antipodes. They came back, six months after they had started, on a rainy day in June nine years ago. At Victoria crowds awaited them, but for once the Duchess would not linger. She was all eagerness to reach home where her baby awaited her. There was a long pause while the crowd waited outside Buckingham Palace hoping to see the Duke and Duchess again; and there was a sudden stir when, just as four years before the Duke and Duchess had stepped out after their wedding to greet the assembled people, now they appeared once more on the balcony. But this time the Duchess had her baby in her arms, and the sight went straight to the warm hearts of the people.

The Two Georges

From that day onward the people's pride and love have followed mother and children, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, wherever they go. One might almost have said at one time that the Duke seemed always to retire modestly into the background. It is nearer the truth that his own personality shone the brighter because of the glow of affection reflected from them.

Our new King and Queen embark on a task undertaken at one of the most tremendous hours of crisis in the nation's history, with trust and hope and confidence to guide them on their way. Everything in their public and private lives assures us that they will be worthy of it.

What will escape no one is the resemblance between the life of George the Sixth and that of his father George the Fifth. Both were overshadowed in the earlier part of their career by an elder brother. Neither expected or desired to be called to the Throne. Both began their training for whatever duties they might be called on to fulfil in the Navy. It was to be his profession as it had been that of his father who had followed it with wholehearted devotion. The resemblance continued for some years. The young prince went, like any other naval cadet, to Osborne and Dartmouth, and just after his 17th birthday joined H.M.S. Cumberland as a cadet.

With her he crossed the Atlantic. He visited the West Indies and Canada, and, though on board ship no distinction was made between him and his sixty fellow cadets, the Dominion insisted on giving a great welcome to the first of the King's sons who had set foot on her soil.

When the Cumberland paid off he was gazetted as midshipman to H.M.S. Collingwood, where Prince Albert was generally known in the wardroom as Johnson; and there is a story told of those days which will live now as an example of the true British spirit in our kings. "Johnson" was on the Collingwood when war broke out, and in its early months father and son met. King

George boarded the ship for inspection and afterwards received the ship's officers on the quarterdeck. Far down the list according to seniority came Prince Albert. The two had not met for months, but the young midshipman saluted and passed by with never a personal word of greeting. That is the British way.

Illness interrupted the young naval officer's career twice in the war, but he was on the Collingwood during the Battle of Jutland and was commended for his coolness and courage during trying hours under fire. An odd little reminiscence of that fateful day is told by the officer in command of the gun turret where the prince was stationed. He could only remark that the prince "made cocoa as usual for me and the gun crew."

That is typical of the career which he has followed without fuss or self-consciousness through all his days. He left the Navy to join the Royal Air Force, where he won his pilot's certificate and was appointed Squadron-Leader in the year after the war. The aftermath of the war was still among us, and tens of thousands of very young men were uncertain what to do. It was hard to return from the excitement of active service to the humdrum life of training college or school, but the prince now went to Cambridge. He took a course of

civic studies, which comprised economics, but his greater interest was in theoretical electricity and practical engineering.

When he left Cambridge his career as the King's son was marked out for him by his ennoblement as Duke of York, and there was a constant call on his services for appearance on public occasions. But he quickly found a line of his own. The social and industrial strain was making itself felt, and an endeavour to lessen it was made in the formation of the Industrial Welfare Society.

A Great Idea

Of this the Duke became President and laboured earnestly for its success. It brought him directly into contact with the life of the factory and the workshop, and his presidency may be said to have been the jumping-off place for a movement which he began and with which he has ever been closely identified. Welfare work in a factory brought a group of factory lads under his charge up to London for a fortnight's holiday. A football match was arranged for these with boys of Westminster School, and the Duke kicked off. While he was watching the game a great idea came to him.

Why not bring boys of different stations in life, together? It was done. The first Duke of York's Camp was the result. A hundred public schools and the same number of industrial concerns were invited to send two boys apiece to an August holiday camp, held first at New Romney and afterwards at Southwold.

An English Gentleman

He never lost enthusiasm for these holiday camps. Every year he visited them, camping out in his tent with the boys, joining in their sports as if he were himself a boy, as in some ways he is.

But if a boy at heart, he is a man in mind, and an English gentleman in his sense of duty, as his father was. He became President of the Playing Fields Association; and if he was interested in recreation, he was enthralled by the intricacies of industry. He has visited hundreds of factories, and no mechanical device escapes his eye or his enquiry. The sailor is sometimes called a handyman, and our new King is a handyman who can drive a train or handle an electric fitting. While he gained these aptitudes he was never neglectful of the men who do these things as part of the day's work. The life of the factory hand is no secret to him.

The Royal Marriage

His marriage to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl of Strathmore, seems more recent than it is, and one may say with loyal respect that never was a royal choice or a royal bride more welcome, and none ever more deserved the popularity she has won. The marriage marked a new phase in the social obligations of both. The Duke and Duchess undertook two royal tours, first to East Africa, where they stayed at Nairobi, visited Uganda, and came back by way of Khartoum and the Nile; second to Australia, where the Duke was to open the new Parliament House at Canberra, on the 26th anniversary of the opening of the first Commonwealth Parliament by his father, King George, when himself Duke of York.

A visit to New Zealand was added to the tour, and when, on the return to England, the Duke was entertained by the City of London in the Guildhall he spoke the last and best word on it.

He returned to London, he said, a thorough optimist; he knew that if we held together we should win through.

We shall hold together, and we shall win through, for we have a King who knows his mind and where his duty lies, and he will lead us to the better days.



KING GEORGE THE SIXTH

DID DR JOHNSON FIGHT FOR THE PRETENDER?

An Old Mystery Solved

A mystery which has puzzled many minds for over a century has now been solved.

Did Dr Johnson fight for the Young Pretender in the Stuart rising of 1745, ending in the massacre of the Highlanders at Culloden in the following April?

Many students of the subject have believed he did, among them Hazlitt, Croker, and others, including Sir Charles Russell, who published a pamphlet a few years ago attempting finally to prove that the answer is Yes.

Dr Johnson a warrior and a rebel? How could the argument be maintained?

The Positive Answer

The case for the doctor's rebellion is that he was a vehement Tory, and Tories were for the royal exiles. He came from Staffordshire, where Jacobite feeling was so strong that they hunted a fox in a red uniform with hounds dressed in plaid, the fox representing the Hanoverians and the hounds the Stuarts.

So for a hundred years and more the argument has been set out, and men have been inclined to accept the romantic possibility. But at last, we believe, we have found the positive answer, and it is definitely No!

In 1773 Johnson, when 64, accompanied Boswell to Scotland and through the Hebrides, a journey of which he published a Journal, while after Johnson's death Boswell produced a still more famous account of the expedition. Until this year it was always believed that Boswell's book was an exact reproduction of the diary he kept at the time, a diary the doctor was allowed to read; but the actual manuscript of the diary has been found under romantic circumstances, and it proves to be very different from the book.

Meeting Flora Macdonald

Much that Boswell wrote in his diary has been omitted from the book, and much altered, as we now learn. 150 years after the issue of the treasured first edition. In the original we have the picture of the meeting between the travellers and Flora Macdonald, who took pity on the Young Pretender after Culloden, and, disguising him as her maidservant Betty Bourke, led him out of danger over the sea to Skye, and so effected his escape to France.

Not realising who she was, Johnson, who had slept the night in the bed the royal fugitive had occupied 27 years earlier, asked her "Who was with him?" adding that "We were told in England that there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him." "They were very right," she answered, revealing that she and the legendary Flora were one.

So much we knew, but in the genuine manuscript, of which Mr Heinemann has now published a guinea volume, is matter which Boswell carefully removed before publication of his book. It is this that answers the age-old problem.

End of an Old Belief

Boswell here tells us that Johnson was "not properly a Jacobite"; he did not believe in the divine right of kings, and said he did not know but that it was necessary to remove James the Second at the Revolution of 1788, adding that, the present family having been so long in possession of the throne, it appeared to him that their right had become the same that the Stuarts had had. He told Boswell that he would not have involved the nation in a civil war to restore the Stuarts.

"Nay, I have heard him say (continues Boswell in the new edition) he was so dubious that, if holding up his right hand would have gained the victory to the Highland army in 1745, he does not know if he would have done it."

So fades the romantic century-old belief that Dr Johnson fought with the Highlanders for a lost cause.

How Our Kings Went Out A LOOK BACK TO THE CONQUEROR

THE crown which King Edward has renounced has for a thousand years been the proudest prize in the world.

To win and wear it men have made wars and committed murder, but never until now was it voluntarily surrendered. Two kings were compelled to abdicate, three or four were murdered, one was executed by his subjects, and one was expelled from the country.

Since the Norman Conquest we have had, excluding Lady Jane Grey and Cromwell, 38 monarchs, divided into nine dynasties, and all until now have striven to the last breath to retain their hold on the throne.

Our Great Law-giver

Like the Conqueror, his father, whose dead body was left naked and untended at death in Rouen, the first Henry died in France. His elder brother, the William Rufus who built Westminster Hall, fell in the New Forest to an arrow believed to have been aimed at him. Stephen and Maud, rival warring cousins, reduced the land to ruin and anarchy before death brought peace by his end at Dover. Maud's son and his successor, Henry the Second, was our first great law-giver, but he died hated by his sons, alone, deserted in France.

His successor, Richard Lionheart, most glamorous of all our kings, saw little of England, but dearly loved it, so that, wounded to death at the siege of a castle in France, he sent for the robes in which England had crowned him, and was buried in France. John, his base brother, the wickedest king who ever sat on our throne, committed every sin of which a king is capable, and was dethroned by the Pope. At the point of death he ordered that he should be buried in Worcester Cathedral between two Saxon saints, his body dressed in the sandals and hooded robe of a monk (believing that the disguise would get him into heaven!). Parts of the sandals and robe are still to be seen in the cathedral chapter house, recovered during a restoration of the tomb.

The First Parliament

His son, Henry the Third, of blameless personal life, reigning for 53 years, was a bane and a blessing to the nation. He filled the land with foreign mercenaries, but was compelled by Simon de Montfort to give us our first Parliament. He brought about a great religious revival, of which his rebuilding of Westminster Abbey, where he sleeps, is the noblest expression. With his son began the long list of Edwards now so ignominiously ended.

Edward the First reaped the harvest Simon de Montfort had sown, reconciling the nation to the monarchy. It was he who conquered Scotland and brought the Coronation Stone to Westminster, and, dying on another expedition across the border, he commanded that his body should be carried before the English army until Scotland was again reduced to submission.

Hundred Years War

Turning aside from his father's martial pursuits, Edward the Second lived ignobly, and was murdered at Berkeley Castle. Never, says his biographer, did he show himself sensible of the dignity and importance of kingship. To him succeeded the warlike Edward the Third, father of the Black Prince. Claiming the French throne, and seeking to enforce his claim by the victories of Crecy and Poitiers, he launched us on our Hundred Years War. He was pitilessly pillaged by his favourite, Alice Perrers, who, when his hour of death came, heartlessly robbed him, taking even the rings from his fingers before leaving him to die with only an unknown priest to close his eyes.

His grandson, Richard the Second, was compelled by his cousin, Henry the Fourth, to abdicate the throne, and was

afterwards murdered in Pontefract Castle, leaving Henry to treasure the crown to which Parliament called him. Love it he did indeed, so much so that on his deathbed he had it by him on his pillow, waking just before death in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster to find his son Henry the Fifth fitting it on his own head, a scene immortalised in Shakespeare's play.

The Princes in the Tower

That son, Shakespeare's royal hero, gave his life to the French wars, dying of a trench fever at Vincennes, declaring with his last breath that he had meant to lead a crusade for the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre. He left an infant as Henry the Sixth, who, crowned in Paris king of France, was involved for the greater part of his reign in the Wars of the Roses, which ended in his captivity and murder in the Tower by Richard the Third, so that Richard's elder brother Edward the Fourth might reign.

By wooing the favour of the people the fourth Edward strengthened the popular position of the Crown in spite of his evil ways. His wicked life came suddenly to an end. His two sons were the little Princes of the Tower, done to death by their Uncle Richard before the elder boy could be crowned. In due time Richard himself was carried dead, strapped under a mule, from the Battle of Bosworth Field, which ended the long civil war and brought the Tudors to the throne with Henry the Seventh.

The Reign of the Tudors

Henry created a fleet and fostered a great national trade; he was a friend of learning, and built the loveliest chapel in Westminster Abbey. He left great riches to his successor Henry the Eighth, of whom it has been said that he approached as nearly to the ideal standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature allow. Six times married, he divorced two wives and beheaded two, being survived by the sixth, and in spite of good qualities as a king he is remembered as a Bluebeard, and he cut off the heads of half the aristocracy.

Three of his children succeeded him in turn. One was Edward the Sixth, who sat on the throne six years and was in his grave at 16. Another was Mary Tudor, under whom 300 of her subjects were burnt at the stake; she married Philip of Spain, the enemy of England, and died in solitude at Richmond, unmourned, yielding place to one of the greatest women and greatest sovereigns of all time, Queen Elizabeth.

England Under Cromwell

Elizabeth had, as she boasted, the heart of a prince, and under her England flowered into an intellectual and military greatness which made her the wonder of the world, a greatness shared by Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Drake, and Raleigh. She died heartbroken at having to leave the world in which she had been so great a figure, passing away at Richmond in a room over the gateway of the palace which we may still see.

At her death James the First introduced the Stuart dynasty with the tyrannous government which, reaching a climax in the next reign, cost Charles the First his head. Never was the nation greater than in the few years under Cromwell, never did a ruler better deserve a grave in the Abbey; but those who brought back Charles the Second tore the Protector's body from the tomb and set up his head on a pike at Westminster. In 24 years the dissolute Charles reduced the nation to such impotence as made it almost unrecognisable as the nation that Cromwell had made the greatest power in Europe; the scene at this king's death forms one of the most astonishing pictures in John Evelyn's Diary.

James the Second succeeded his brother, and, seeking to force the

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

What Will Happen To the Peace Prize

A queer little problem has arisen in connection with the Nobel Prize of £8000 awarded to Herr Carl von Ossietzky, the German peace writer.

Herr von Ossietzky was too ill in Berlin to fetch the money from Norway, even had the German Government allowed him to leave for the purpose of receiving a prize which it regards as an insult to Germany.

On the other hand, if Herr von Ossietzky leaves his prize in Norway he is liable to be beheaded under the law passed by General Goering to punish those who allow their property to remain outside the country.

The problem therefore appears to be whether Herr von Ossietzky will receive the money by post or leave the money in Norway and lose his head—in which case, as Peter Puck reminds us, he will lose his head and the money too!

CHANGES OF THE NEW REIGN

Never since the tragic fortnight when Lady Jane Grey sat on the throne has there been so brief a reign as that of King Edward, never so vast a change-over of the attendant emblems of a sovereign who was for so short a period at the head of the Empire.

We have in hand and in preparation new stamps, new coins, new pillar-boxes—some of them set up only last week, and marked E R—and badges bearing his initials. All will have to be changed. The Prayer Book specially printed this year will have to be reprinted to bear the names of the new King and Queen, all official documentary forms inscribed with the title of Edward the Eighth will have to go.

What will become of the millions of Coronation trophies bearing the initials or portrait of the king who has gone, china, pottery, medals, medallions, flags, and what not, we do not know.

LOOKING INTO DARKNESS

When the King Edward stamps were first on view I remarked on the fact that the King's head was shown looking into darkness—an unhappy design. But that designer designed better than he knew.

London Correspondent of the Manchester Guardian

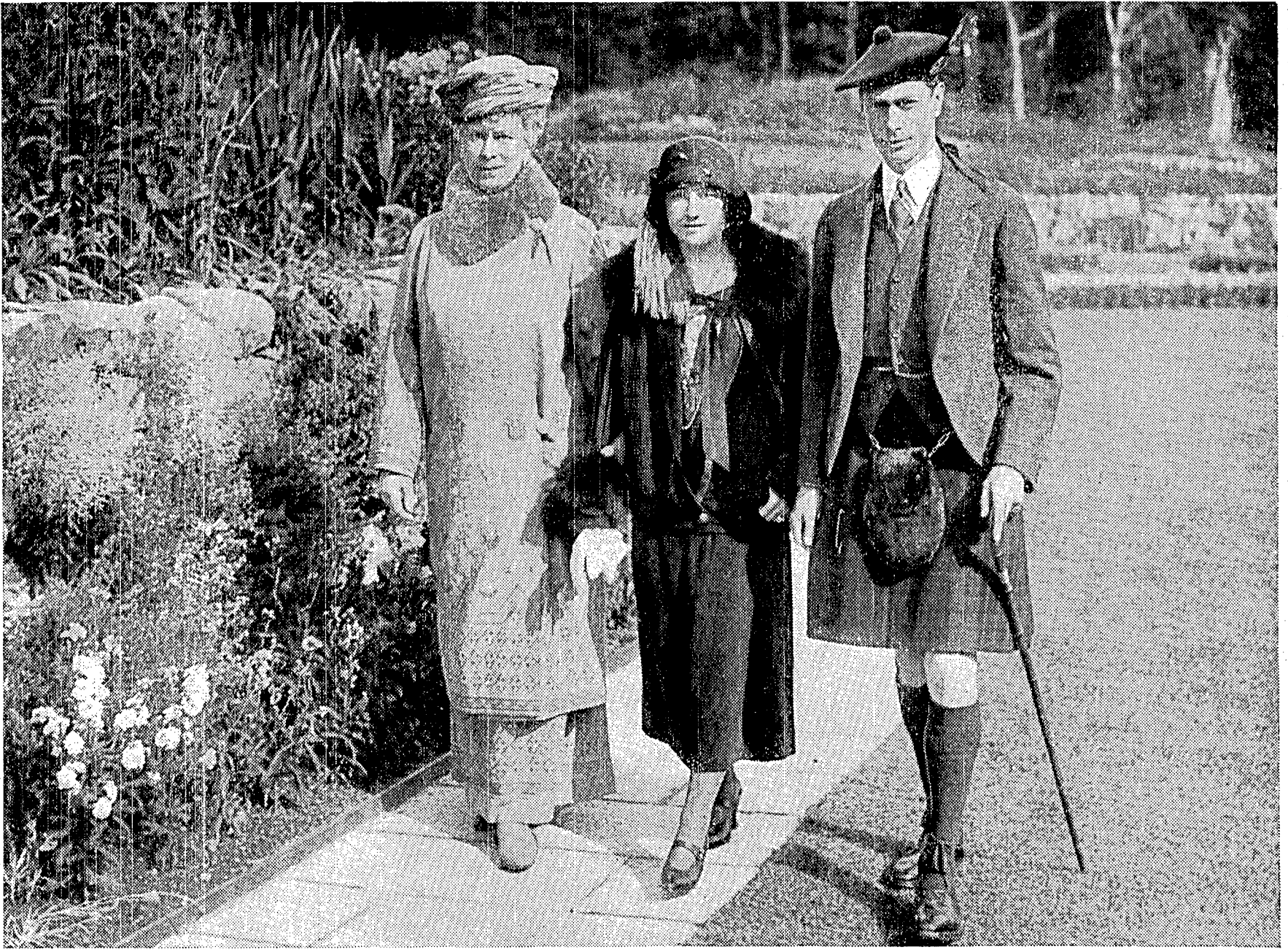
Continued from the previous column

nation into Roman Catholicism, was driven from the throne to die in exile; he ran away by a back door in Rochester on the same day, 248 years ago, as King Edward left his people. The country then brought in his daughter Mary with her husband, William of Orange, and after them Anne, Mary's sister, who died without surviving children. So the House of Hanover was called to the throne, George the First being the son of a granddaughter of James the First. From George the Third to George the Fifth our kings died peacefully in their beds, and so did famous Queen Victoria.

Of the passing of the noblest of them all, our George the Fifth, the memory is still with us, for did we not all listen to that moving bulletin broadcast by the B.B.C., that the life of the king was moving peacefully toward its close.

So passed our good King George, the perfect English gentleman. His soft has gone out from among us as we know, but on the throne stands another good King George, with all his father's virtues and a sense of duty for which his people will repay him with an affection that knows no bounds.

These Three—A Trinity of Affection and Duty



Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King George the Sixth

BEFORE THE ROMANS WENT AWAY

Boys and girls who step down into the Children's Gallery at the Science Museum can see what their great-great-grandparents many times removed saw on the Berkshire downs 1600 years ago.

Those far-removed ancestors lived near Aldworth when the Romans were here, and the Romans, or British Romans, had set up a kiln for baking pottery like that which the Romans made in Italy.

It is a rough sort of kiln. Its big hole was scooped out of the chalk, and at one end of it a kiln was built with a place for the fire below and a sort of dome above it with holes to let the heat through. The clay pots, after the potters had turned them, were placed on the dome, and another roof of straw and clay placed above them while they were allowed to bake.

We are sure that many children used to steal away to the potter's field to watch the men making the pots, and other men bringing the faggots to feed the fire, and the skilled foreman potter placing the pots into position and keeping watch till they were baked.

Hundreds, possibly thousands, of times the pot-making went on, while the children never tired of watching. The pots went away along the Thames Valley, some to London, some to Bath or Newbury, Cirencester or Silchester.

Some stayed where they were made, as we know, because broken bits of them were found on a 90-acre field of Woodrows Farm, Compton, when its owner, Mr Kenneth Chapman, ploughed it up. Their discovery led up to the

finding of the kiln, which was first skilfully uncovered by the staff of the Reading Museum.

It was then surrounded with a bed of concrete, and removed whole. Mr Crawhall of the Science Museum then had it brought to London by road in its concrete bed; and now set up at Kensington, with a painted background of Berkshire fields and woods, it presents itself to 20th-century children as 4th-century children saw it.

They see it plain, just as it was then; but it is odd to remember that in that early day the Romans who built it went back home. It may have lasted long after them before it was buried and lost to sight; and in the Dark Ages, or when the Saxons came, old British people spoke of it as a relic of the days "when the Romans were with us."

What Shall Follow the Crystal Palace?

THE best suggestion we have heard of for using the Crystal Palace site is Mr Meyerstein's—to build a fine convalescent home big enough to serve all the London hospitals.

The suggestion comes from a Jewish philanthropist, who offers £100,000 toward the cost. It is a generous offer characteristic of its maker, and we hope it will inspire many others.

We commend it to those who, in so many parts of the world, are fostering anti-Jew crusades. In Poland as in Palestine itself, in South Africa as in Germany and East London, the Jews are persecuted. Too often this is merely because they are good citizens who

WHY NOT SPREAD THE GOOD TIMES?

It is only too apparent that disputes about pay are increasing, and we cannot wonder at it.

Every newspaper has printed records of increased prosperity arising out of bigger output and higher profits. More goods are being made and sold at home and even abroad. Many new industrial companies are springing up to start fresh businesses or expand old ones.

All classes have shared to some extent in the improvement. There has been less enforced idleness, and an army of people are at work now who were last Christmas living on unemployment benefit. It is also true that a large number of workers in many trades have obtained advances in pay. The Ministry of Labour records that three and a half million workers have obtained a rise in wages this year, but examination of the facts

shows that the average rise is less than half-a-crown a week, and the number benefiting is a great minority.

That is not the way to maintain prosperity. A big and increasing output fails unless the mass of the people are provided with the means to buy. As things are, it seems that while the investing classes have obtained bigger profits, and while millions of wage-earners have obtained more regular work and higher wages, the majority of the wage-earners are not getting more money with which to buy more goods.

The home market is the mainstay of trade. Its size depends on the number of buyers and the spending power of buyers. The increases in pay such as have already occurred are thus a boon, not only to those who receive them but to the nation as a whole.

Other increases are foreshadowed. In Yorkshire it is hoped that a Ministry of Labour inquiry will lead to better pay for thousands of woollen and worsted workers. The National Maritime Board has just restored the cut in seamen's pay made in 1931, but the rate is still below the sum settled by this Board when it was established in the war.

It seems a pity that we cannot have a national inquiry into pay. The national welfare is involved, and the weekly occurrence of new strikes is a symptom of rising discontent. Such an inquiry could relate production to consumption and help us all to better understanding.

We have still the reproach that one in four of the unemployed has been out of work for a year or more.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 19 1936



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

We Are a People Yet

Is there not something stirring for these solemn days in the ringing words of Tennyson's Ode to the Duke of Wellington? Then a great man had left us in high honour and Lord Tennyson wrote of his funeral in an immortal Ode from which we take these lines for their bearing on the events of our time.

A PEOPLE'S voice: we are a people yet:
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers,
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.

AND keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul,
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

Nor once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses.

O PEACE, it is a day of pain
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.

More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.

Santa Claus Comes Back

IT is a pleasure to find Russian newspapers recognising that Christianity played a great part in moulding civilisation.

It seems that a popular Soviet poet wrote a play which mocked the conversion of Russians by St Vladimir in the eleventh century, and upon this Pravda, a leading Soviet newspaper, points out that the advent of Christianity in Russia marked the beginning of a progressive stage in her history.

Also Santa Claus has been restored to Russian homes!

Goodbye, Cabin Boy

IT is many years since we told the story of a man who, falling down a pit shaft, shouted *Look out!* to his mates below. His last thought was for them.

Now we hear of the cabin boy of the Yarmouth trawler Girl Norah, whose last thought as he was washed into the sea was of the only man left clinging to the wreckage.

This survivor has told how one after the other the crew were swept from their hold, and last of all, as the cabin boy was washed away into the night, he heard his young brave voice calling out to him: *Cheerio, Sam! Good luck!*

The Green Belt Long Ago

WE do not know how long it will be before the Green Belt reaches round London; but we do know that it is just 280 years since there was passed in the House of Commons an Act for the Preventing of the Multiplicity of Buildings in and about the Suburbs of London and within ten miles thereof.

We know also that fine parks are lying idle outside London waiting for the speculative builder who will destroy them, while the London County Council looks on at the price rising against it.

Like a King

Think of Alexander's chivalry to the fallen foe, to Darius, to Porus. "How am I to treat you?" he says to Porus. "Like a king," says Porus; and Alexander is won by the answer, and treats him like a king. Dr T. R. Gloyer

More Than Coronets

IT is a long way from Cornwall to Durham, but they are easily linked by the kind thoughts which are more than coronets.

We hear that an old lady of Falmouth has sent some of her jewellery to a lady M.P., asking her to have it sold for the benefit of poor people in Jarrow. It is a lovely thing to do.

The Disgrace

It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand-boy or a day labourer; but it does disgrace him much to become a knave or a thief.

John Ruskin

The Conqueror

Many, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne He gave;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave!

Blessed are those who die for God,
And earn the Martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

Adelaide Anne Proctor

He Who Knows and Does

There is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.

William Hazlitt

Tip-Cat

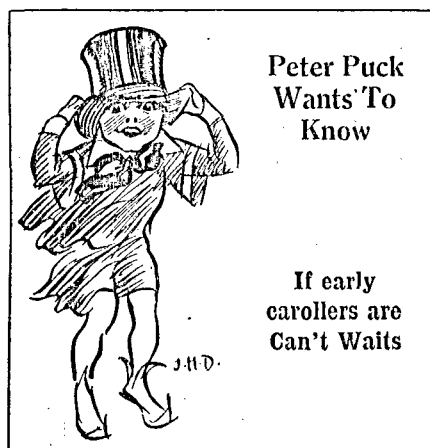
SOME people mistake rudeness for frankness. Not the people they are rude to.

WHY does everybody stir the Christmas pudding? To make it go round.

SCHOOLBOYS like to chip each other. But they seldom cut each other.

AN author says he likes writing essays on living people. Hope he doesn't use a scratchy pen.

A MAN complains that the new type of cup falls over. He can't stand it.



A GAS company gave a musical show. Was it good in the main?

AN author says he puts himself in his books. After he has finished one he feels flat.

A CHARWOMAN is to give a lecture. Hope it won't be a wash-out.

DENTISTS are invariably humorists. Yet they often look down in the mouth.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AUSTRALIA's national revenue goes up with leaps and bounds.

THE NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS has given £10,000 for a Birkbeck College Library.

CADBURY'S have offered Birmingham City Council £20,000 for open spaces.

JUST AN IDEA

While you are searching the horizon for big things to do there may be a dozen little things at your feet all waiting to be done.

Youth Deciding

A DEDICATED youth is an incalculable thing.

One day perhaps we shall come to realise that the critical dates in history are those on which young men made their decision to achieve some high purpose, or serve some great cause.

It was a tremendous day when Isaiah, hearing the voice, Whom shall I send and who will go for us? answered, Here am I, send me.

It was an outstanding date in English history when a young man turned upon a priest and said, I will see to it, if God spare my life, that the boy who follows the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou dost.

The really important date in the struggle for the abolition of the slave trade was that on which a young student on his way back from Cambridge to London, flushed with his scholastic success, pondered upon the evils of the traffic in human flesh and consciously and deliberately consecrated his life to the work of abolishing this evil throughout the British Dominions.

Isaac Foot

Do Not Slam the Door

From a Correspondent

A MAN who once had a good position, but is now earning only a few shillings a week by trying to sell household articles from door to door, has been telling us what makes his work almost heartbreaking.

"I expect to be turned away abruptly by people who have little time to spare," he said. "I expect to be regarded as an annoyance; I expect sometimes to go from end to end of a street without making a penny; I expect to hear the words, 'Not today, thank you'; but what hurts most of all is to have the door slammed in my face. Somehow that makes me feel as if all the world were trying to keep me out."

In God's Hand

If God held in His right hand all truth, and in His left the ever-living desire for truth (although with the condition that I should remain in error for ever), and if He said to me, "Choose," I should humbly bow before His left hand, and say, "Father, give; pure truth is for Thee alone."

Lessing

No Star Looks Down On Scenes Like Ours

I feel inclined to claim that at the present time our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the Sun.

Sir Arthur Eddington

A Word From Shakespeare

On the December Oak

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few,
do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

Sonnets

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS

Millions of Tons of Coal Flooded

Possibly because trade depression has resulted in lessened attention to idle pits, Durham has 52 million tons of her coal flooded in the mines which her Reconstruction and Development Board is hoping to bring back to use by drainage.

In addition there are 13 million tons flooded in abandoned areas; but fortunately there are 325 million tons awaiting work in unflooded areas.

Here, then, is a pointer to the vast quantities of water stored in the earth. When we sink a shaft water which would find an outlet in springs far away finds a ready new course and, following the law that water seeks the lowest level, floods the mine in its deepest parts.

Until Thomas Newcomen invented his primitive steam-engine more than 200 years ago every mine in water-bearing strata became hopelessly waterlogged as soon as a shaft of any depth was sunk. By pumping such mines he made them workable. He thus increased the supply of coal and iron and other minerals available for the country's industries, and, by creating trade, fostered the energies and endeavours of the bright brains which were to give us true steam-engines, and after that the locomotive and modern transport.

What will future ages think of our deserted mines when the age of coal is past? What mysteries the shafts and galleries will seem to them! Our forefathers, excavating with deer-horns and shoulder-blades, mined flints, and left mines which we call dene holes, for long a mystery to us.

WHEN THE TREE BREAKS

What Happens?

The old nursery rhyme about the baby on the treetop leaves us in doubt as to what happens after the fall of the cradle when the wind brings the cradle and the baby down with the bough.

A similar problem has come up with the fall of a tree which did damage to property, and the matter has been brought to trial.

The owner of a garage sued for damages done to his property by the fall of the top of a tree owned by the man next door, the tree having overhung his premises. The judge held that the plaintiff could not succeed in the action, for he had not complained to the defendant about the tree, nor had he made any attempt to remove the overhanging boughs. Moreover, there was no proof that the owner knew there was any danger of the fall occurring.

A property owner, the judge said, has the right to cut back branches overhanging his property, and for that purpose may even enter on the ground of the owner of the tree in order to execute the work. If, however, the branches are causing a nuisance or are doing damage to the property which they overhang the sufferer has a cause of action against the owner of the offending tree.

Most of us would have thought it a trespass to enter on another man's land even to cut back a tree, but such a course, it seems, is legal. But the whole point can be settled amicably if we remember that President Roosevelt's idea of the good neighbour applies to individuals as well as to nations.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Quentin de la Tour	£3000
Painting by Greuze	£2000
Portrait by Goya	£1300
Raphael pen-and-ink sketch	£560
Sheraton mahogany library table	£283
4 Sèvres plates used by Napoleon	£250
Set of four silver dishes, 1709	£168

BAD NEWS FOR COAL

More Oil on the Railway

Is oil to do on the railway what it has already done on the sea? Is coal to vanish from land traction?

Active research is proceeding to develop the application of oil and oil-electric traction to engines and railcars. Between 70 and 80 different motive-power units of this sort have been introduced, and several types of railcars and shunting engines are found to give excellent service.

The biggest number of Diesel vehicles is operated by the L.M.S., who have now 35 units in use. The Great Western Railway come next with 20 vehicles, 18 railcars, and two engines. The railcar services of this line total 3500 miles a day. The L.N.E.R. has four Diesel railcars, and the Southern line is building Diesel shunting engines.

It is a revolution in British locomotive work which is proceeding. From America comes news of fast railcars from New York to Los Angeles which do over 100 miles an hour, and at "slow" points reduce to 90 m.p.h.

WHAT IS HONEY?

We used to sing, if you want to know the time ask a policeman! Some day, if we want to know what honey really is we shall have to ask a magistrate.

A case will come into court for trial, and, if the prosecution succeeds, we shall find that some of the so-called honey on the market never had a bee in its making.

All sorts of blends and substitutes, beekeepers complain, are now exposed for sale. Bees cost little to keep, and their honey should be cheap, but dishonest people find that they can produce substitutes more cheaply than the genuine article.

So the Government is contributing to the funds of Rothamsted, where a systematic investigation of the subject is to be conducted. The experts will also seek the cause of the fermentation of honey, and of that unsightly change which causes a frost-like blur on glass jars containing honey, harmless but ruinous to the sale.

The one authority unable to give evidence on the subject is the bee itself, dispenser of all true honey. Even if a bee could speak it would not be able to tell us how it makes its nectar. It succeeds, but it knows not how or why.

DINNER FOR THE YOUNG GORILLAS

Readers who regard the great apes as strictly vegetarian in diet will be surprised to learn that Mok and Moina, the two magnificent young gorillas at the Zoo, have grilled chops or steak for dinner two days a week.

In their wild state gorillas live entirely on vegetable food, as far as travellers have been able to observe. Their home is gloomy forest, where they would hardly be tempted by excess of animal life to lapse into flesh-eating.

There was a famous gibbon at the Zoo which once caught and killed a bird that entered its cage, so, thinking that the apes might, after all, be addicted at times to an animal diet, the keepers kept watch year after year. But there was never a recurrence of the incident. The one bird killed by the gibbon was not eaten, so the act must have been a caprice, and no other Zoo ape has since attempted the life of bird or animal.

THE LOST PAPERS

A correspondent at Durban writes to us that a young accountant there not long ago let his bundle of examination papers fall from the ledge of a tram to disappear between the crack of the window and the frame.

The tram had to be dismantled before the papers could be recovered.

SPLENDID WORK OF

THE PELICAN MEN

A Group of Life-Savers

The female pelican is famed for a virtue she does not possess, that she feeds her young with her blood.

This ancient legend has made the bird a symbol of sacrifice in thousands of churches, and it is perfectly true that the pelican, like most other living creatures, is a splendid parent.

In New Zealand they have adopted the pelican as the badge of the Wellington Blood Transfusion Society. The members have a special blazer with silver buttons and bearing the device of a pelican feeding her young with her blood. A poetic idea for such a society, it has the merit of drawing attention to a most useful institution.

In London there is a Voluntary Blood Donors Association whose devoted members have this year given some 5000 transfusions. There are plenty of volunteers. The association has just held its annual dinner.

Those attending the dinner (the pelican men, we may call them) included domestic servants, naval officers, tram conductors, bus drivers, clerks, MPs, and road workers.

LORD NUFFIELD'S

EXAMPLE IS CATCHING

Leeds and Its Grateful Student

Leeds University has reason to be proud of one of its old students, Mr Frank Parkinson.

Now that he is head of the Crompton Parkinson firm of electrical engineers he has given it reason to be grateful as well. Last year he subscribed £50,000 to establish scholarships, and this year he has added £200,000 to build the principal block of the University's new buildings.

The scheme of rebuilding had come to a stop because the University had no more money to spend. Mr Parkinson has come to the rescue and, in the words of the University Council, has enabled it to achieve within the next few years an ambition which but for his help might not have been realised within a lifetime.

Doctors sometimes know the grateful patient. Universities are beginning to find the grateful student among those who have made their own fortunes. We hope there will be more gifts to show that Lord Nuffield's example is catching.

STRIKE STUPIDITY

Cargo Back To France From New York

The loss of trade and wealth through strikes is strikingly illustrated by a story from New York.

After delaying her departure from that port for 12 hours, in the hope that an end of the French stevedore boycott of United States ships would enable her cargo to be unloaded there, the French liner Champlain sailed back to France with the greater part of her cargo intended for New York still on board.

French workers at Le Havre refused to unload American ships, and in answer the Seamen's Union ordered its members at New York not to unload French ships.

1 2 3

1,058,966 Bibles were circulated by the British and Foreign Bible Society in a year.

20,000,000 pints of milk are distributed in this country every day.

26,000,000 pounds of machinery were carried to prospectors by Canadian Airways planes last year.

£1,000,000 has already been allocated by the L.C.C. for London's Green Belt.

£6,808,020 worth of goods were carried by the British Railways in August.

NEWS FOR 10,000

YEARS AHEAD

What Will Be Happening Then

THE GREAT LAKES ARE TILTING UP

In the harbours of the Great Lakes, which Canada shares with the United States, the waters show the slow progress of a mighty geological change.

In the harbours of the States the waters have risen four inches since the geologists began to measure them. The Canadian harbours have at the same time become shallower. The whole area of the lakes is tilting up toward the Pole. Unless there is some see-saw of the movement the lakes in another 10,000 years will begin to empty themselves toward the south, and the waters will flow down the Mississippi basin into the Gulf of Mexico.

When Canada Was Under Ice

That is a long time to wait, and before many of those centuries have passed the engineers will have found some way to deal with the matter. At present all that can be done is to dredge the Canadian harbours. Nature is mercifully slow in her vast operations, though she takes no note of the human multitudes affected by them. But she is always keeping the solid Earth on the move.

The tilt of the Great Lakes is put down to causes which began in the last Ice Age. Then the Ice Cap, which is still slowly withdrawing toward the Pole, came right down to the lakes, and the glaciers and icebergs tipped into them. The ice weighed down on Canada, its billions of tons pressing the northern half of North America downward. Now the area is recovering, like a cushion relieved of a heavy weight, and is coming up again.

The tilt becomes most evident about what the geologists call a hinge line, which may be a break in the Earth's crust. There are many such breaks, like the Great Rift Valley of Africa, or the breaks hidden beneath the oceans in the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the South Atlantic. These cracks are the sources of the Earth's more violent earthquakes. Some are the cause, or the consequence, of a more massive tilting of the American continent than that of the Great Lakes. The whole of the New World is tilting along the line of the Rockies, the Andes, and the Cordilleras.

Like a Crazy Pavement

Such slow tilts are brought about by the gradual sweeping away of the continental soils by rain and wind and rivers. These are hardly observed at the time, though the United States is becoming alarmed by the fertile soil pouring down from the Middle West into the Mississippi.

But there are smaller ones more readily seen over shorter periods of time. The whole of the Earth, which seems so solid, is like a crazy pavement, where the blocks are continually shifting up and down. There are huge balancing blocks in East Central Africa which rise and fall, and there are smaller ones wherever there are mountains and valleys. The Earth, which is always wobbling as it spins, keeps its appearance of solidity by balancing these blocks, and man's handiwork can rarely interrupt the balance. But when the Panama Canal was being cut through the isthmus joining North and South America Nature suddenly showed her hand by upheaving waves of her strata, and for a time filling the great Culebra Cut with soil.

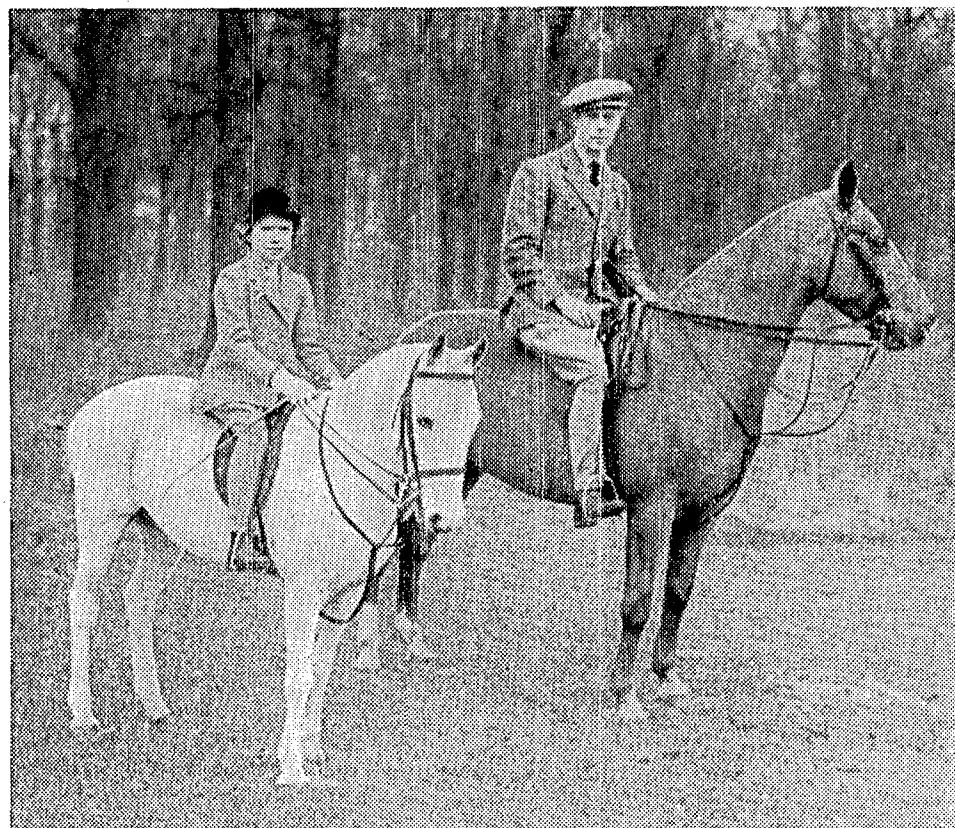
Pronunciations in This Paper

Antioch	An-te-ok
Culebra	Koo-lay-bra
Damietta	Dam-e-et-ta
Gallienus	Gal-e-en-us

The Family Round the Throne



George the Sixth, Queen Elizabeth, and their children, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose



The King and Princess Elizabeth riding at Windsor



Princess Margaret Rose and Princess Elizabeth in the little house given to them by the people of Wales

A ROYAL MARRIAGE

The Little Talk Heard By the World

Now that the royal marriage crisis is over it is good to read again the lovely little talk of the Archbishop of Canterbury at the last royal wedding in the Abbey, that of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

Never has a finer little Five-minute Address been given in the Abbey. It was heard all over the world on that exciting day, and we give it now so that it may be quietly read.

Never in history, we may dare to say, has a marriage been attended by so vast a company of witnesses. For by a new and marvellous invention of science countless multitudes in every variety of place and home are joining in this service.

The whole nation (nay, the whole Empire) are the wedding guests: and more than guests, members of the family. For this great assembly in the Abbey, the crowds waiting outside its walls, and the multitude of listening people regard the family of our King and Queen as in a true sense their own.

Where Happiness Dwells

It must be most moving to you, dear Bride and Bridegroom, to know that this wealth of good wishes and goodwill is being offered to you as their wedding gift. . . . We all wish you happiness; but our wishes cannot give it. Nor can it come from outward circumstance. It can only come from yourselves, from the spirit that is within you. You cannot choose what changes and chances are to befall you in the coming years. But you can choose the spirit with which you will meet them. Let it be the spirit of the noble vows in which you have just pledged your troth each to the other.

If you will take these vows not as a form but as a bond of honour which you will keep with unswerving loyalty, then whatever may come you will have that inward happiness which no pleasures of themselves can give and no sorrows can take away. Then the home-life which awaits you will be both an abiding security to yourselves and a welcome example to others.

The Serving and the Sharing

Today your separate lives, with their own memories and hopes, temptations and trials, are merged in one. Will you bring into this new life, each for the sake of the other, the best that you can be? Let your deepest bond of union be in that inward region of the soul where conscience and true ideals dwell. For there you come near to God and God comes near to you. Keep there a reverent remembrance of Him. Then His protecting hand will guide you, and by His eternal love the love you bear each other will be even strengthened and enriched.

One more word. As you think of the good wishes with which the people of this nation and Empire are surrounding you, you will, I know, resolve that you will ever be eager to help and serve them in such ways as you can. You, Sir, have already and fully taken your place in this service of the community. And you, dear Bride, as your husband's comrade, will find a new happiness in sharing the joys and sorrows, and in ministering to the needs, of the good British folk who have already, with a warmth so swift and so spontaneous, taken you into their heart. I am sure that that heart is now speaking through my words as I say: God bless you both. God guide you. God keep you always.

WHAT HAS HE BEEN DOING?

This story was told the other day by Mr C. S. Taylor, M.P., speaking in London.

Mr Baldwin was travelling by train from Worcester to London. A man sitting opposite looked at him for some time, and eventually said, "Your name is Baldwin, isn't it? Tell me, weren't we at school together?"

"Yes," replied Mr Baldwin; "we were at Harrow."

"What have you been doing since we left?" asked the man.

THE WAY OF ALL SHIPS

A Farewell Voyage From New Zealand

79 VOYAGES ACROSS THE WORLD

On the morning of Armistice Day the liner *Ionic* (12,351 tons) set out from New Zealand on her last voyage; she is due in London this month, and will be withdrawn from the service.

Alas for the *Ionic*! She was built in 1902, and is now an old ship as ships go. In her 34 years of voyaging she has made 79 voyages from Britain to New Zealand and back, covering about two million miles of ocean highway.

Word has now gone out that she has become too old and too slow.

New Zealanders are sad to see such a fine ship passing the way of all good ships. Tens of thousands of New Zealand settlers recall how they set out from the British Isles to make new homes in New Zealand, and how they crossed 12,000 miles of ocean in the stout old steamship *Ionic*.

Joyful Reunions

Thousands of New Zealanders remember how they sailed away to serve King and Empire in the troublous years of the world war when the *Ionic* was one of many troopships.

While the *Ionic* has been in port at Wellington and Auckland, loading her last cargo of New Zealand butter, cheese, and frozen meat, thousands of her former passengers have made pilgrimages to the wharves to pay their last respects to her. Grey-haired people produced faded photographs taken on voyages of 30 years ago. There were joyful reunions of people who were fellow-passengers years ago and had perhaps not met since.

An old sailor who had voyaged in the *Ionic* declared that she was a good ship to sail in. She kept up a steady twelve and a half knots even in the roughest seas, and for 34 years provided work for 70 Britishers.

Two million miles of sea-ways completed; 79 voyages from England to New Zealand and back! So another grand old British ship comes to her last voyage. But we may be sure she will be replaced by a new and faster *Ionic* to carry on the old traditions of the British mercantile marine.

THE WONDER BOY

A Famous Artist's Son

Southampton has bought Ford Madox Brown's picture *Lear and Cordelia*. For years it hung in a house at Conway, coming into a collector's hands in an odd way.

The collector had bought from Ford Madox Brown a portrait of his only son, the amazing Oliver. Born in 1855, the boy seemed destined to be a genius both in art and literature. Only 14 when he painted a striking picture of Chiron and Jason, he soon after painted a picture of *Obstinacy*, showing a horseman trying to urge on an unruly steed. Many of his pictures painted before he was 17 caused a stir at the exhibitions.

But it is as a poet and author that he is best remembered. Though only a boy, he wrote sonnets and lyrics of great power and rare charm, and at 16 he wrote a strange novel with the title *Gabriel Denver*, following it with *Hebditch's Legacy*, a story he never finished.

Pictures of unusual promise, three novels, poems of high literary ability, these are the legacy left by this wonderful boy who was cut off from life at 19. His father was bowed with grief, and in his sorrow begged the art collector who had bought Oliver's portrait to exchange it for the picture of *Lear and Cordelia* which has now found a home in the Southampton Art Gallery.

DOROTHY JONES, HERO

Rest Lightly Upon Her,
O Earth!

There were many deeply interesting items of news in the daily papers of December 8; reports of war and rumours of war, and of matters concerning the politics of many nations.

More important than any of these, however, was the report of an inquest on the body of a little child in Shropshire, for it was concerned with qualities of heroism and fortitude which are the chief ornaments of mankind. We are indebted for the following report to The Times.

A verdict of accidental death was recorded at the inquest held at Bridgnorth on the body of Dorothy Mary Grace Jones, aged 11.

The child had no mother. She helped her father with the housework in their cottage at Cleeton St Mary and she looked after two younger children aged 7 and 2½. On October 1, while she was leaning the hearth, her pinafore caught fire. Badly burned, she removed some of her clothing, changed her frock, and then walked half a mile to a neighbour's house, carrying the baby with her. She collapsed at the neighbour's house and was taken to hospital, where she died from exhaustion and toxæmia.

The coroner paid a tribute to the girl's fortitude and presence of mind in taking the baby with her. In medical evidence, he said, they had heard of her extraordinary bravery in hospital.

We suppose that the surname Jones is one of the commonest in our land. How all the Joneses are glorified, and with them all the human race, in this simple record of devotion. It is a story that justifies life.

AFTER LONG SILENCE News of Brave Monks

No news was good news in the case of the monks of the famous Alpine Hospice of St Bernard, who are founding another hospice in Tibet for both pilgrims and travellers.

After months of silence word has come from Canon Coquoz and Canon Melly that in spite of many hardships and difficulties their work is succeeding. On the Tibet-Szechwan border in the Eastern Himalayas they first built a hospice 13,000 feet high, but it was destroyed by an avalanche. Nothing daunted, they put up another at Lat-za, 10,000 feet high, and are now settled there.

It is two years since these intrepid men, with several lay members of their brotherhood and some St Bernard dogs, set out for Tibet. Already their work has shown good effects, for the monks are liked and respected by the people of the district. To make themselves self-supporting they have cultivated ground lower down and have grown vegetables and varieties of grapes.

Even the bandits take a friendly interest in them, and come and watch them as they tend their vines.

GREEN BELT SAFE?

Nearly 30,000 Acres Secure

London's Green Belt is already secure. Nearly 30,000 acres of land are now safe for ever, forming a protective ring of verdure for the great metropolis.

The scheme was to be worked out in three years, and in twenty months so much has been done. The L.C.C. is to be congratulated on actually doing at last what town reformers advocated many years ago.

We still wait to hear, however, of any definite news about the fine piece of green belt which could be made out of Lullingstone Park in Kent, now in the scales and threatened by the builder. It is one of the few great green spaces available near London, and is urgently awaiting a decision by the K.C.C. and the L.C.C.

3000-YEAR-OLD STORY

The Little Port of Antioch

In the British Museum Sir Leonard Woolley has spread out the spoils he has brought from the ancient river port of Antioch.

St Paul trod where he trod nearly 20 centuries ago when on his way to raise the banner of Christ among the Gentiles at the proud city of Antioch, the Manchester of the Near East. Its port at the mouth of the Orontes had stood there a thousand years before he came.

Yet because it has perished utterly the spoils seem few. They are pots and broken shards, coins and small statuettes, necklaces and beads, few jewels among them, vases. These spoils, so insignificant in appearance, are the keys with which the treasure seeker unlocks the doors of antiquity. Set out in order, they tell a tale of Antioch's port.

Towns Built One Over Another

The mounds where they are buried disclose not one but eight or nine towns built one over another as the centuries passed. The port was there when Crete was the Britain of the Mediterranean and the merchants and sailors of the kings of Minos took their wares to all the known world, bringing other wares in their turn.

Crete fell and the Minoan kings were forgotten, but still the port of Al Mina flourished. Cyprus sent its wares through it, and after Cyprus Rhodes and the Greek islands. The centuries went by, a Greek colony made its home here, and following them came all the finest pottery of Greece. Shattered, they are the most eloquent of witnesses.

An Eastern Trade Route

They show the way trade flowed along the fertile crescent stretching in a great curve skirting the Syrian desert, from the south of Palestine to the Persian Gulf. The treasures of the East came along it, and the kingdoms of Mesopotamia took in return the best the West had to offer. Egypt also fed the route, following the way Moses had gone when he led the Chosen People to Canaan.

All these left traces of their wares at the tiny port. Then change came over it. It grew too small. Another port, Seleucia, took its trade. But Seleucia passed away in its turn, and in another era Al Mina woke up again, and had a second life, lasting till nearly a thousand years after.

The Smallest Known Coin

From the earlier eras, and the middle levels of Al Mina's eight towns, come fragments of the wares the Greek and Syrian merchants kept in their shops in the narrow streets. There are Greek coins, and one of the most singular treasures is a silver purse like a needle-case, which was fitted with tiny silver coins, each weighing hardly more than half a grain. These were worth only a sixteenth of an obol (a coin about 1½d). Though they are the smallest ever coined they bear on one side the head of Aradus of Sidon and on the other a tortoise. The purse was an heirloom two centuries older than the coins.

But in the last period of the port's history the coins grew larger and more numerous. Among them are the coins of nearly every Roman Emperor from Gallienus to Constantine, as well as coins of the Abbasid Sultans of Baghdad, of whom the most famous was Haroun al Raschid.

Latest of all are the coins of the Crusaders and of the Kingdom of Jerusalem; and how far down the corridors of time they bring us is shown by the coin struck by Jeanne de Brienne at Damietta in 1219 A.D., four years after King John had signed Magna Carta at Runnymede.

Long May They Reign



The King on the Renown when visiting Australia



At Cambridge University, receiving a degree



Guide and Scout

A NEW LIGHTHOUSE FOR MILFORD SOUND

Millford Haven in Wales has its counterpart in the famous Milford Sound, a deep arm of the sea on the rugged west coast of New Zealand.

Although Milford Sound is one of the finest natural harbours in the world it is used only by a few liners bringing tourists, for it is surrounded by snow-capped mountains and impenetrable forests.

Now we learn that the New Zealand Government has decided to build a lighthouse on St Anne's Head, at the southern entrance to the Sound, and it is expected that the new Milford light will be showing its kindly beams to mariners before the end of 1937.

It was Captain Cook, the first mariner to explore the coastline of New Zealand, who named Milford Sound.

WEEDING BY MAGNET

The magnet is coming to the help of the farmer by keeping down the weeds.

Nearly always there are a number of plantain seeds, which the farmer does not want, mixed with clover seed. In Hungary the mixture of clover and plantain seed is dusted with magnetic salt of calcium, manganese, or iron before it is sown. When the dust falls it is taken up on the surface of the plantain seeds, but the clovers are not tainted by it.

Consequently when the magnet is passed over the dusted seeds the plantains rush up to it to their own destruction, while the wholesome pink and white clovers remain behind.

GROWING WHEAT IN ARCTIC SWAMPS

Russia is following hard on the heels of the Canadian farmers who pushed their wheatfields into the Arctic Circle.

By careful selection of seed winter wheat ripened in several Russian Arctic stations this summer; but the scientific agriculturists are not satisfied with this. Canadian farmers had good black soil to grow their crops. Russia has planted oat and barley on reclaimed Arctic swamps, and has found that these give a higher yield than sandy ground.

CINDERELLA AT THE EMBASSY

Cinderella will be at the Embassy Theatre in London every afternoon during the Christmas holidays, arriving on December 26.

All children will prefer to meet her there rather than at the grown-up pantomimes of other theatres, for this is the children's own pantomime, produced by the actors of the old Children's Theatre in Endell Street.

WESTMINSTER BELLS ACROSS THE WORLD

No church in Canberra has a peal of bells, but the people of Australia's new capital are called to church each Sunday by the bells of Westminster Abbey.

A gramophone record is used, and a powerful amplifier in the tower of St Andrew's Presbyterian Church broadcasts the bells of the Empire's most famous church.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Unemployed men in the Wakefield neighbourhood are back at school.

They are attending classes at which toy-making, light woodwork, interior decoration, and weaving are taught, and when their course of instruction is complete they will return to their own clubs and begin teaching others.

TWO MEN MEET

Two men met by chance in Sydney, Australia, not long ago.

Mr E. Moss of Horden, New South Wales, was introduced to Mr W. Moss from Bristol in England, and they discovered that they were brothers. They had not met for 61 years.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

One of the remarkable things that are always happening in Nature has just been seen by a correspondent travelling in Ireland, who sends us this note.

The tide was out, and gulls, oyster-catchers, herons, and numerous other birds were feeding on the mud flats and in the little stream which flowed out into the mouth of the river.

Food seemed to be rather scarce. The heron waded up and down the stream, but in the half-hour we watched him only one fish did he catch. The little black-headed gull was wise. He waded into the pools, and, shuffling his feet about, stirred up the mud and the small fish lying hidden in it. It was fascinating to watch him, and to see the precision with which he worked. He had a good feed, and after washing himself wandered off across the mud to join his mate, who had been following his example a little way off.

ALUMINIUM IN COLOUR

The city of Birmingham has just added to its numerous industries that of the production of aluminium in beautiful permanent colours.

The process is electrical and gives a protective covering to the aluminium, which becomes an integral part of the metal, and is not in the form of a deposit, as in chromium-plating. Aluminium treated by this process becomes insulated against electrical current up to 500 volts, and it will not corrode.

Beautiful coloured effects can be obtained by means of this process, and the colours are permanent.

AN EAR OF WHEAT

When Shakespeare's Cymbeline, whom the Romans named Cunobelinus, was a king in Britain he was so proud of the wheatfields of his kingdom in Essex and Hertfordshire that he put a wheat-ear on some of the coins he struck.

The Romans were equally pleased with the British wheat, which they exported to Rome as better than anything grown in Italy.

A curious link with those days of twenty centuries ago is that on a small Italian coin, worth about a halfpenny, the wheatear, almost exactly the same as that on Cymbeline's coins, appears.

50 YEARS IN YORKSHIRE

After preaching over 50 years in Yorkshire, Rev Ernest Hare, Rector of Catton-with-Stamford Bridge, is retiring at 76.

His ancestors were in holy orders for 150 years, and his great-grandfather was Bishop of Norwich. For 18 years Ernest Hare has preached in the neighbourhood of Stamford Bridge, the spot where our Saxon Harold won a great victory only a few weeks before he fell at Hastings, and there was rarely a day, summer or winter, when he was not to be seen striding through the heather.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GOLDEN BOOK

South Africa is to have a golden book; it will have a million names, and its covers will be of pure gold. There will be no book in the world quite like this one, a record of all the people who have visited Johannesburg's Empire Exhibition. As the city may be said to be built on gold, for the richest gold mines in the world are next door, it is very fitting that its jubilee book should have golden covers.

THE PARSON DELIVERS THE PAPERS

When the Rev F. Wheeler of Castleford, a Congregational minister, heard that a newsagent had been killed while going his rounds he undertook to deliver newspapers till arrangements could be made for someone to take over that side of the business.

THE BABOON IN THE ORCHARD

South African farmers have to guard against worse thieves than small boys when the fruit in their orchards is ripe.

A number of baboons decided to raid the apricot orchard of a Cape of Good Hope farmer in Wolseley a few weeks ago. They are sweet-toothed creatures, like small boys, and there are few things they like better than a ripe apricot.

The farmer was sitting at dinner with his family when he heard the thieves at work. He went out with his gun and his dogs, but by the time the last baboon had been frightened off branches of the apricot trees were scattered all over the place, and there were a great many apricots missing, and a great many baboons licking their chops and thinking what a pleasant day it had been.

600 PAGES OF MAN'S THINKING

Those who have Mr Arthur Stanley's Bedside Book and Fireside Book will not wait long to put with them The Testament of Man.

In his new contribution to our favourite bookshelves Mr Stanley, who is guided with great wisdom in making his anthologies, has given us over 600 pages of prose and poetry representing man's interpretation of the world according to his higher nature. Here is the thinking of man from the days of ancient empires until now, a veritable treasury of thought and inspiration, reason and imagination, and always beauty. It is published by Gollancz at 7s 6d.

CALLING PASSENGERS

Loudspeakers with microphones and amplifiers are being installed at big railway stations to address important information to travellers.

In London, at Euston, Liverpool Street, Waterloo, London Bridge, and Paddington, equipment has already been fitted to broadcast the departure of trains. At Birmingham a temporary system introduced during the summer is to be made permanent. Technical difficulties, such as the elimination of echo and reverberation, are being overcome, so that the voice of an announcer can be easily heard over the whole of the station platforms.

THE LAST BUGLE CALL OF THE WAR

A bugle which made history has been heard again. It has rung out in England over the grave of an Old Contemptible.

At the funeral of Alfred Armstrong McCullie representatives of the army, navy, and air force stood by their comrade's coffin as Trumpeter Revitt, one of eight men to sound the Cease Fire which brought the Great War to an end on November 11, 1918, sounded the Last Post and Reveille on the bugle on which he had sounded the most memorable call in history.

A-HUNTING THEY WOULD GO

Dr A. H. Smith of Halifax has completed a survey of the place-names of East Yorkshire, and his book is to be published next year by the English Place-Name Society.

In his search for local names Dr Smith has been helped by boys and girls who have chatted with old people in remote areas, and gathered the old names for fields and woods which no map would ever have shown. It is interesting to think that the scholarly compiler of this valuable book should have had so much assistance from the young friends, who so readily said, A-hunting we will go.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

The village blacksmith of Lund in Yorkshire has accomplished his task and earned a night's repose. He was Alfred Teal, and he has passed on at 77 after making his anvil ring for the long period of 63 years.

THE ALCHEMISTS WERE RIGHT, AFTER ALL

The ancient alchemists thought to transmute base metals into gold; now Lord Rutherford, lecturing at Cambridge, has been telling us how gold can be formed by bombarding platinum with fast neutrons.

So far, he pointed out, the bombardment of matter by fast particles has proved the most effective method for studying the transformation of the elements, but in the case of the heavier elements slow neutrons are extraordinarily efficient transformers.

During the past few years progress in knowledge of transformations has been very rapid and a great variety of transformations are now possible.

ROMAN YORKSHIRE

Mr F. R. Pearson of Bridlington School has given us an admirable little book on Roman Yorkshire.

No one is better qualified for the task. In his direct way the author traces Yorkshire's Roman roads from north to south and east to west, links together fragments of buried highways, explains why York has so much to remind us of the days of the Caesars, and gives us a bird's eye view of 350 years. With a foreword by Lord Halifax, and valuable maps, Mr Pearson's book is likely to be the last word on Roman Yorkshire for many years. It is published by A. Brown and Sons at 7s 6d.

COAL CLEAN & WHITE

White coal is now being sold in Chicago.

Someone has thought of the idea of compressing coal into cubes and covering it with white, thick, specially treated paper. This is made from a highly-combustible product which, when reduced to ashes, does not clog the grate like ordinary paper. The coal is delivered in neat cartons and can be stored in living-rooms without leaving a trail of grime, and when it is required all you have to do is to place a few lumps on the dying embers. No tongs or gloves are needed.

PICTURES FROM ICELAND

Eggert Gudmundsson has come to London to show over 100 pictures.

A few years ago he was a fisherman in Iceland, but now he has turned his attention to painting, and, though only 30, he has already made a name for himself. Most of his pictures are of his own little-known land, or portraits of old men and women. Last year Eggert Gudmundsson painted a portrait of a girl who was visiting the island, and this year he hears she is to marry President Roosevelt's son.

MATTRESSES FOR THE RIVER BED

Lincolnshire is to have some mattresses for the bed of the Humber.

Bundles of reeds, they are sunk close to the river bank in an attempt now being made by English and Dutch engineers to keep back the river, which is always threatening to carry away more valuable land.

NEVER TOO LATE

The Rector of Hemingby in Lincolnshire (Rev W. H. Isaacs) is 70, but he has been erecting scaffolding by the tower of his church, and declares that he is going to restore it with his own hands. He evidently believes it is never too late to mend.

We have long known of a Yorkshireman who lived 99 years in one house. Now we hear of a Northumberland woman of 99 who has lived all her life in a cottage at Warkworth. She is the village's oldest old lady, and seems quite content with her little house.

TRANSFORMATION OF SATURN'S RINGS

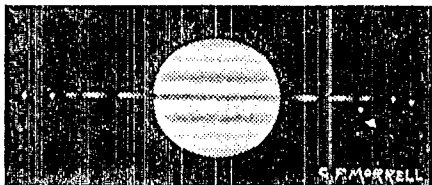
Strange Light Effects From Myriads of Moons

A FIFTEEN-YEAR CYCLE

By the C N Astronomer

An event of great interest is taking place on Saturn, the famous planet which will be due south of the Moon on Sunday evening, December 20. The marvellous Rings of this immense world are now about to undergo a remarkable transformation.

Saturn may be easily found on any evening, say between 6 and 8 o'clock, high in the south below the great Square of Pegasus, as shown on the star-map in the C N of August 1. Saturn is now about 905 million miles away, gradually receding from us and so becoming less bright; while Saturn's Rings are disappearing once again this year. It will be remembered that all these Rings of moonlets and moon-dust became invisible about the end of June, because they were presented edgewise toward us; for, being so extremely thin—certainly less than a hundred miles—a most powerful telescope was required to reveal any trace of them. Now they



Curious appearance of Saturn as seen through a powerful telescope

are vanishing from our sight for a totally different cause, one that happens only once in 15 years.

The Sun, which during that long time has been shining on the north side of the Rings, will about December 28 change over to the south side, and thus in the course of a few hours will abandon a vast circular track of about 41,500 miles wide with a circumference of some 527,000 miles to shine on the other side.

As the north side of the Rings still faces us they will in consequence vanish until the south side begins to turn toward the Earth in two months' time. A singular phenomenon will in the meantime be presented, for because Saturn possesses three distinct Rings with clear spaces extending for thousands of miles between them, the sunlight penetrates between the Rings, lighting up their inner edges and also the inner edge of the dusky, or crape, Ring which is only about 7000 miles above the planet's surface. The result is that Saturn presents the remarkable appearance shown in the picture, with the Rings apparently chopped into several pieces. A powerful telescope, however, is required to see all these details.

Grand Celestial Event

For several months past the Rings have resembled a great radiant knitting-needle passed through Saturn; now this will vanish altogether for the next two weeks, as seen through a small telescope.

Seen from Saturn's surface the transference of sunlight from the north to the south side of the Rings would be a grand celestial event, for during the next fifteen years a belt of the planet's northern hemisphere will be in a partial shade cast by the Rings, though not dark like the planet's shadow on the Rings. This shadow will extend northward for the next 7½ years and then will recede toward Saturn's equator, until at the end of 15 years the northern side of the Rings will again be illuminated. Meanwhile the southern hemisphere of Saturn will enjoy its full measure of sunlight during each of its 5 hours of daylight, while its short nights will be lit up with luminous arches of superb magnificence except in the far south. G. F. M.

ROOFS

The roof is often half the glory of a building, and all down the years artists and sculptors have lavished their skill on the roofs of temples and churches and mosques.

In India and Burma the domes of temples and pagodas are overlaid with gold. In Italy are churches with roofs glowing with paintings by famous artists. In England we have roofs which are marvels of craftsmanship.

The oak roof of Westminster Hall is one of these. Probably the biggest of its kind in the world, it is nearly 240 feet long and over 67 wide. Rising 90 feet above the floor, it has been described as one of the finest examples of carpentry of all time. It was made in the days of Richard the Second, and is of British-grown oak from the Sussex Weald: some of the trees so old that they may have been saplings before the Romans left. With its winged figures soaring far above our heads, its long vista of timbered arches, unsupported by a single pillar, it is one of the noblest sights in our land.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel

Across the road is another roof of peerless beauty which may well be the pride of London, the roof of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. With its airy network and luxuriant ornament it is unrivalled for loveliness; and we do not wonder that when Washington Irving saw it he declared that the stone seemed by cunning labour of the chisel to have been robbed of all its weight, and to hang aloft as if suspended by magic. Fretted with carving, light and fantastic as a cobweb, it has been a glory since the early years of the 16th century.

The Forgetful Plumber

We may travel the length and breadth of our land and find everywhere buildings and churches, old and new, with gorgeous roofs of rich stone or carved timber, and a host of angels and demons and animals and birds peering down at us. At Guisborough Priory in Yorkshire a plumber went up to the roof 600 years ago to mend a leak. He left his lamp burning when he came down, setting fire to the monastery and destroying the church. We may forgive him for his carelessness, for the superb fragment which stands today is a relic of the new church the monks built after the fire, more beautiful and worthy than the old.

At St Enodoc in Cornwall we have come upon a little church among the sandhills, and have been told that last century the sand was piled so high that the parson and his clerk could not get in by any other way than through the roof.

Looking Down on Venice

Casanova, the astonishing 18th-century Italian adventurer who was always in and out of prison, was once shut up in a room under the roof of the Ducal Palace in Venice. It seemed as if he had no hope of escape, but one day he found a rusty bolt, and another a piece of marble. After 14 days and nights spent in rubbing the bolt on the marble he wore down a point, and then spent four months of incessant labour loosening the tiles of the roof. One night he stood on the parapet and looked down on Venice in the moonlight.

The missionary campaign of the early Christian church began on a roof, for it was there Peter dreamed of the great sheet let down from heaven, and it was because of his vision on the housetop that he carried the good news to Cornelius and other Gentiles.

A GOOD FRIEND OF THE RED MAN

George Catlin

WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY
IF IT IS NEXT WEEK

Dec. 20. Louis Napoleon President of France 1843
21. Benjamin Disraeli born in London 1804
22. Duc de Sully died at Villebon 1641
23. George Catlin died at Jersey City 1872
24. King John born at Oxford 1167
25. Duc de Guise assassinated at Blois 1593
26. Frederick II. Roman Emperor, born 1194

GEORGE CATLIN was the adventurous American traveller from whose experiences and observations nearly all the stories of the Red Man's wars and habits have been built up. He saw and did what the story-tellers sit at home and write about.



Catlin began life as a lawyer, then turned to portrait painting, and finally made a study of the Red Man at home by living in his wigwams, learning his languages, becoming his friend, and striving to prevent his extinction.

As the depicter of the Indian races of both North and South America, by descriptions and by drawings, Catlin became the interpreter of the Redskins to the world at large. His drawings, which include over 500 portraits of Indians of various types, are now possessed by the American nation.

One of his favourite theories, enforced again and again in his books, was the value of following the Red Indian's example and sleeping with the mouth closed and breathing through the nose.

THE BOAST OF RUSSIA

World's Greatest Fighting Force?

Does it amount to reality or boasting, the claim of Soviet Russia that she already has the greatest army and air force in the world, and is preparing the greatest navy?

We know the Russian population, and we have been shown many photographs of soldiers marching, of troops landing in droves from aeroplanes, of women trained to work machine-guns. The Soviet commands some 34 million families, and certainly has the power to create an army, standing or in reserve, of 30 million trained men. The training of women for war service would, of course, add enormously to this figure.

As to the air force, General Khripin boasts that Russia is to have 100,000 airmen. Already she can land an entire battalion from parachutes behind an enemy line. The Russian aero engine is claimed to be the best in the world. In the first ten months of 1936 their number of aeroplanes has been doubled.

As to the navy, Admiral Orloff declares that the Soviet aims at the biggest fleet in the world. Since 1933, he says, battleships have been trebled, submarines increased seven times, and other war craft trebled.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of December 1911

European Barbarism in an African Desert. We read last month how Italy had shamelessly made war upon Turkey and seized Tripoli. Italy has found that the people of Tripoli will not tamely submit to having their homes snatched from them by an act of brigandage which a nation chooses to call war; and the efforts of the natives to maintain their right to their fatherland has led to a hideous massacre. Not only the war correspondents, but all the civilised world has thrilled with shame and indignation. Italy, the land of Dante, Raphael, and Garibaldi, stands disgraced in the eyes of all mankind.

Do YOU know the Secret Code of the League of Happy OVALTINEYS?



Dear Jack
46.10. 16.2.44.10
20.42. 38. 40
14.30.40. 30.42.36
30.44.2.24. 40.18
28.10.50.

38.18.24.44.10.36
38.40. 2.36.
4. 2.8.14.10.38.
40.16.10.50.36.10
14.30.36.14.10.30
42. 38.



LETTERS written in a mysterious code . . . secret signs and signals . . . wouldn't you like to share in all this fun? You can, if you join the thousands of boys and girls in the League of Ovaltineys. There is a form below. Fill it in now and become a happy, healthy Ovaltiney.

POST THIS FORM TO-DAY

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,
184 Queen's Gate,
London, S.W.7

I wish to become a member of the League of Ovaltineys. Please send me, free, the official Rulebook of the League.

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

Children's Newspaper, 19.12.36 (Write in BLOCK letters)

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WINTER

Now is the Time To Plant a Tree

*In town or country, wherever you be,
Now is the time to plant a tree.*

If in the town, let it be a tree that keeps (or can be kept) within bounds, such as a thorn, apple, crab, variegated maple, double-blossomed peach, Japanese cherry, purple plum, laburnum, almond, mountain ash.

If in the country, then be bold with oaks (not forgetting the red ones), chest-nuts, beeches, poplars (including the tall Lombardy), maples, limes, ash, birch, willow, to name the chief of the greater arboreal gifts. And, of course, if there is room in the country for oaks there is plenty of space for all the smaller beauties.

Nor must we forget the many hardy conifers. Who will confer benefit upon themselves and the future by setting up a cedar? Shall it be the Mount Atlas or the Deodara, both at once stately and graceful, or shall it be the wonderful cedar of Lebanon, so rarely seen now? Better plant them all to make no error.

And, last but not least, invest five, ten, or twenty shillings in planting a holly or a yew. These are for town or country, for they endure pruning, and even look the better for it.

LITTLE MAGNET OF GREAT POWER

In the search for powerful magnets much smaller than the huge magnets of seventy or eighty tons, Dr Bitter has succeeded in making one so tiny in comparison that it seems nothing short of a miracle.

"Magnetic David," as it has been called at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is only six inches long and eight wide, yet it can develop as much power as an 85-ton Goliath.

The magnet consists of a water-cooled coil which is less than an inch in inside diameter, and it carries the enormous current of 12,000 amperes.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A GLADSTONE BAG

In 1932 the Manchester Guardian posted a cheque which has been on its travels ever since. Few cheques can have travelled farther or had more adventures.

From Manchester it went to Hong Kong, where it was somehow pushed into the lining of a Gladstone bag and forgotten. A few weeks after it was carried (still in the Gladstone bag) to Shanghai, and across Japan and the United States, till it reached England in July 1933. By October it was on its way to India, where it travelled from Bombay to Allahabad, then to Calcutta, and farther east to Singapore.

Early in 1934 it was in Perth in Western Australia, still tucked away in the Gladstone bag, the owner having no idea it was there. Across the Australian goldfields it went, and then hundreds of miles by rail to Queensland, and on to Tasmania and New Zealand, and back to Perth.

One day the Gladstone bag was run over by a lorry near Fremantle. When the owner picked it up he found the cheque in the lining. Though it had been round the world it was sent on its travels again, coming back to Manchester by air.

FOUR RULES OF HEALTH

Lord Horder has been laying down these four fundamental rules of health and happiness:

- Enough of the right food.*
- Suitable shelter at suitable rent.*
- Access to fresh air.*
- Reasonable leisure and quiet.*

Lord Horder uttered these words at a New Homes for Old Exhibition at Charing Cross Underground Station, where the noise made his words almost inaudible. So we are reminded how difficult it is for many to follow the rules which appear so simple.

To enter London or any other big city by train is to run the gauntlet of masses of unhealthy brickwork.

A LONDON FIRM AND ITS WONDERFUL LAMP

A railway signal lamp throwing a beam of 41,000 candle-power can now replace the old oil lamp which threw a beam of half a candle-power.

In foggy or bad weather the old oil lamp is of little or no use, and fogmen have to be called out at all important points along the line with fog signals. The latest type of lamp, the Adlake, made by a firm of London opticians (Cooke, Troughton, and Simms), has been found sufficiently penetrating to render fogmen unnecessary. These lamps, miniature searchlights attached to posts at a height of 11 feet above the ground, are very costly, and in addition require a suitable supply of electricity wherever they are situated, so that their general adoption is both difficult and slow.

A remarkable thing about the new lamps is that a beam of more than 40,000 candle-power can be obtained, thanks to the really wonderful optical equipment, from a small electric bulb of only 8 volts and 5 watts. Some idea of the power of the light thrown ahead on the railway track may be gathered from the fact that in bright daylight they can be seen for 2000 yards.

3000 LITTLE BOXES

Yorkshire has a matchless church made of 3000 matchboxes.

The work of Miss Clara Ealing and her Brownies, it is a model of St Mark's, Siddal. Correct in every detail inside and out, it is built to a scale of one in 30, and very fine it looks with its sturdy tower, its aisle and porch, and its windows with coloured glass.

It has an organ, and there are choir stalls, electric light, and a clock which tells the time of day. Nimble fingers as well as skill and patience have built this fine little church, which looks strong enough to stand against every stormy wind that blows.

SAILING THROUGH A CLOUD

Ship's Strange Experience

To sail through a dense cloud of sulphur as thick as a London fog was the remarkable experience of the crew of a little coastal vessel in New Zealand waters.

This ship was sailing from Auckland to a port in the Bay of Plenty when it ran into the sulphur cloud. The man at the wheel could not see the length of the ship ahead. For 20 miles the ship sailed on through the sulphurous atmosphere.

Where did this strange cloud come from? From White Island, the island volcano in the Bay of Plenty about 30 miles from the coast of New Zealand.

Captain Cook, the great English navigator, named both the bay and the island. From the Maoris inhabiting the shores of this bay he obtained plenty of fresh water and provisions, so he named it Bay of Plenty. He saw the mountainous island from which issued a perpetual cloud of white vapour, the sulphur cloud from the volcano, and called it White Island.

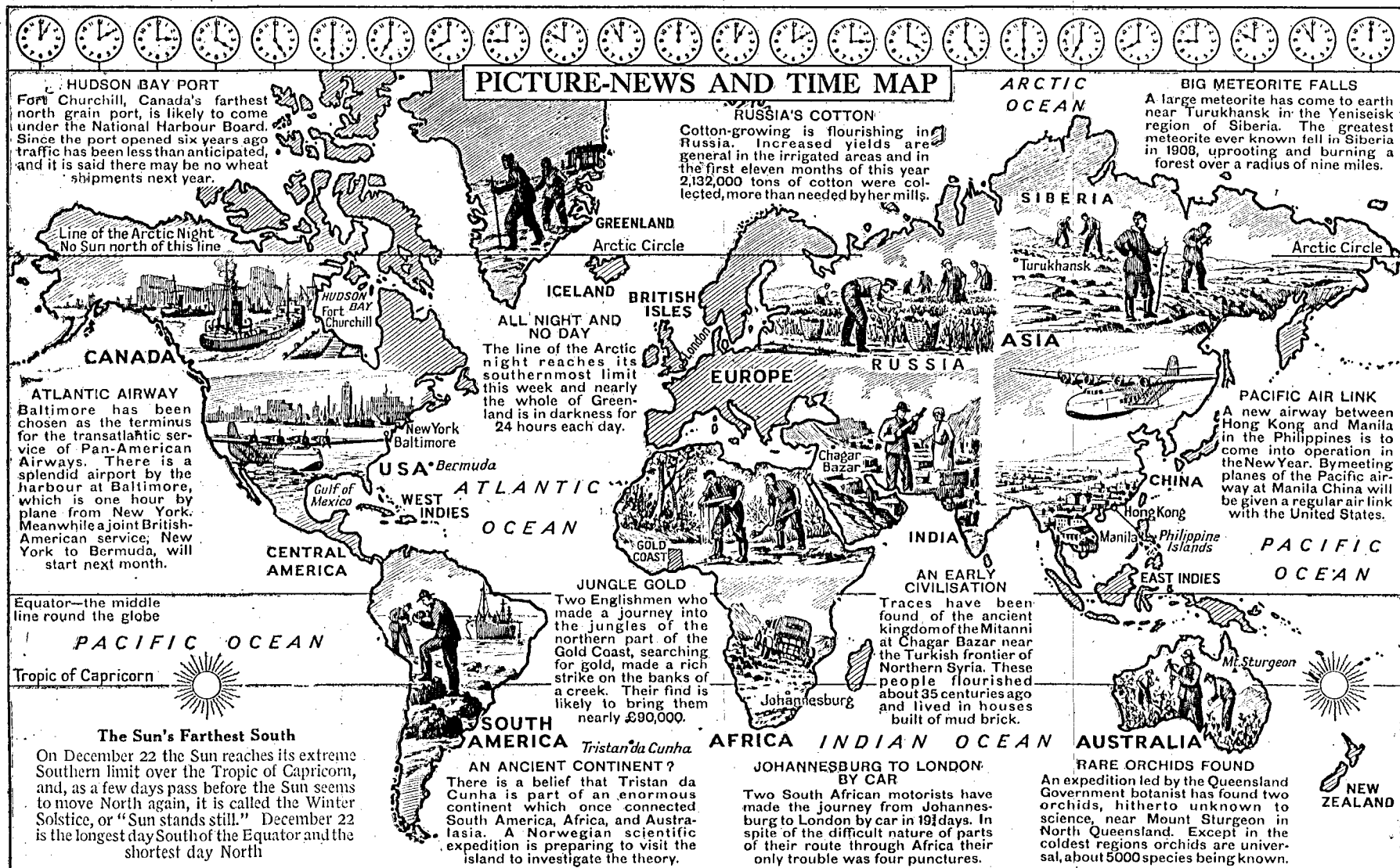
CHI BY THE CHU

Till the other day only the people of remote Kirghizia and Kazakhstan, in Russia, knew of chi.

Among them it had no great honour, for it was merely a weed growing nine feet high by Lake Issyk-kul and in the valleys of the Chu and Tyup rivers. A big map is needed to find these places, and a very keen eye was wanted to find any value in this chi growing by the Chu. But the Moscow botanists rooted it out, and found that it yielded two tons of stems and leaves to the acre.

These two tons can be made into first-class pulp for paper. The stems will also supply material for artificial silk, waterproof cloth, and rope.

In America, another weed, hemlock, is being cropped for paper pulp, and cotton stems are being made into fibre for reinforcing tarred roads.



IN SEARCH OF A FEATHER

Long Quest Ends in a Brussels Museum

It is 23 years since Dr James Chapin, one of the curators of the American Museum of Natural History at New York, picked up a curious feather in the Belgian Congo.

He could not remember ever having seen a feather like it, and after making careful inquiry he concluded that it belonged to an unknown bird. He told no one of his theory as he was sure he would be laughed at, but he was always on the look-out for the kind of bird to which the feather belonged.

Wherever he went he carried the feather with him, and one day this year he found the bird he had been looking for so long. He had called to see the curator of the Congo Museum near Brussels, and as the curator was not in his room Dr Chapin went to look for him. On his way he passed a showcase in which were exhibits labelled "Two old peacocks, received 1914; of no value."

Stopping to look at them, he noticed at once that their wing feathers were identical with the one he had picked up in Africa. The birds were not peacocks, but an unnamed species from which the peacock may be descended.

The birds, so long declared to be of no value, are to be given a place of honour in the museum; and though they are 22 years old a new name will have to be found for them.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

A hundred years ago this week was born Frances Ridley Havergal, writer of some of our best-known hymns.

She was the daughter of the Rector of Astley in Worcestershire, who was famous as the composer of sacred music. At seven Frances began to write poems, and soon their devotional character won them a place in various publications. Her life and work were marked by deep earnestness and a serene faith, which she expressed in the famous hymn beginning

*Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.*

Anxious to publish only the best of her hymns, she at first kept back from the printers the manuscript of "Thy Life was given for me," a hymn which will preserve her name for ever.

Strong in spirit though frail in body, Frances Havergal devoted herself to religious and philanthropic work.

COMPETITION PRIZEWINNERS

The two ten-shilling prizes in C N Competition Number 14 have been awarded to Joan Payne, 8 Elm Grove Road, Bishop's Stortford, Herts; and Lois Whitaker, 3 Chertsey Mount, Carlisle, who sent the neatest and best-written correct lists of things shown on the dresser.

Twelve Christmas presents have been sent to the following, whose correct lists were next in order of merit, age being considered:

W. H. Barber, Guernsey; Betty Brand, Romford; Miriam Cooper, Portsmouth; F. W. England, Huddersfield; Rona Gundry, Hanwell; Mary Howarth, Barnet; Mary Kent, Woodford Green; Eric Mason, Potters Bar; Joan Nicholls, Sheffield; Hazel Norris, Chesham; Alan J. Phillips, Seven Kings; Joan Ubsdell, Kentish Town.

If your name has not yet appeared in a list of prizewinners keep on trying! There are more C N competitions to follow.

NEXT WEEK'S C N

Owing to the Christmas holidays the C N will be ready on Tuesday next week instead of Thursday. Please order your copy now.

BUOYS AS EXPLORERS

Finding the Arctic Currents

Russia is patiently exploring the Arctic Ocean on her northern borders.

It is a step toward making a new Arctic colony near the untapped fields of coal and minerals in the farthest inhabitable North.

One of the ways adopted to trace the unknown ice-laden currents of this ocean has been to drop buoys carrying cards from the ice-breakers which are employed in these frozen waters. On each card is written the latitude and longitude of the spot where the buoy was set afloat. One was sent on its journey four years ago, others in the years between then and now, till five began their voyages of discovery.

The five have been washed up in various places on the coasts of Norway, Iceland, and distant Greenland. They seem to have floated from the Kara Sea, where they were dropped, round Franz Josef Land and Spitsbergen till they reached the Norwegian Sea; and then some of them, more adventurous, were carried by the North Atlantic currents to Iceland and Greenland.

Two Years in the Ice-Fields

These voyages, though of considerable interest, tell more of the Atlantic than the Arctic currents. But they point the way in which these currents will have to be mapped. It is a laborious one. An ice-breaker, specially fitted for long cruising in icy waters, will begin her voyage in the Kara Sea, and set out on a two-years journey through the drifting ice-fields till she reaches Iceland. She will take accurate bearings of her position every day of the two years by wireless.

This work of endless patience reminds us of that other voyage begun years ago by Fridtjof Nansen, when, in spite of all discouragement by Arctic explorers, he set out in the Fram to drift across the still more northerly Polar Ocean.

His voyage, from the coast of Norway, took him across the Kara Sea. Here he met many perplexities, and was frozen in off the New Siberia Islands, where his real Polar drift began. The Polar Ocean drift took the Fram within 280 miles of the North Pole. It came out by Spitsbergen.

C N QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C N Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E C 4, *one question on each card, with name and address.*

Why Are There Little Projections at the Top and Base of the Norfolk Arms?

They represent two gold batons crossed behind the shield, the insignia of the Duke as Earl Marshal of England.

What is a Proper Sarum Melody?

The melody sung in unison officially set to the Latin words of the hymns in the medieval service books at Salisbury Cathedral.

What is a Gold Laurel?

Also called a Broad, Unite, or Jacobus, it was an English gold coin issued in 1619. It was so named because the head of King James the First was wreathed with laurel instead of being crowned, as on earlier English coins.

What is the Meaning of the Word Chow, Which Occurs in Many Chinese Names?

It indicates either a district of the second rank or the capital of such a district. Other spellings are Chao, Choo, and Chau.

Who Were Sohrab and Rustem?

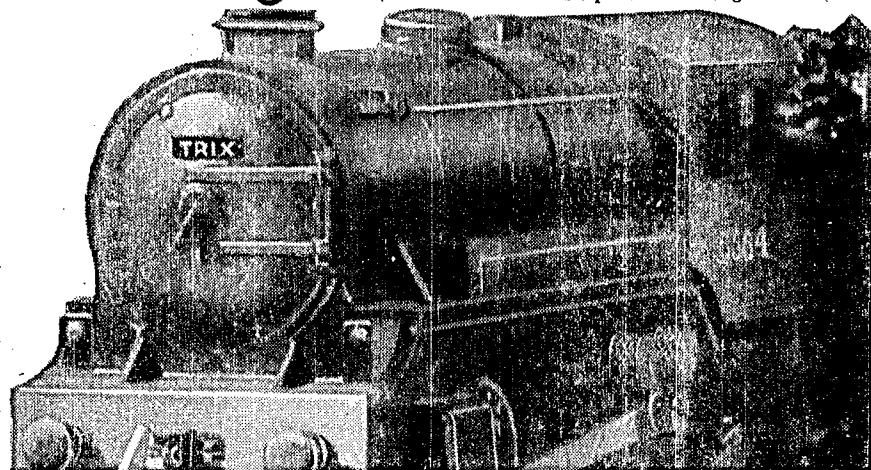
Rustem is a mythical Hercules in Persian literature. Born during his absence, his son Sohrab was declared to be a daughter, and grew up among another people, who waged war on Rustem. The conflict was decided by single combat between Rustem and Sohrab. Rustem killed Sohrab, and found on his arm a bracelet which he had given the mother to place on her child. Matthew Arnold tells the story in a famous poem.

TRIX

TWIN RAILWAY

The Greatest Little Train in the World

Trains and Sets on Sale at all Stores and Toy Dealers. If any difficulty write to Trix Information Bureau, St. John's House, 45/47, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.



HERE comes the new "00" Gauge TRIX TWIN Railway; perfect little miniature models, electrically driven, and sold at a price that all can afford. You'll be wildly excited when you see how two TWIN trains can travel on the same lines at different speeds, in the same or opposite direction, backward or forward, fast or very slow. The TRIX TWIN Railway has automatic couplings, couples up its own vans and coaches without your aid; all you have to do is manoeuvre the engine into position.

The patent rails are beautifully mounted on Bakelite Mouldings, making them strong and rigid and impossible to bend.

With the TRIX TWIN RAILWAY you can have the most elaborate railway system in a quarter of the space usually needed. You can't do better than suggest a TRIX TWIN RAILWAY for a present this Christmas. There's a TRIX dealer in your district anxious to demonstrate.

TRIX CONSTRUCTIONAL SETS

You can have hours of fun and delightful entertainment with the latest TRIX Constructional Sets. From the simplest model to an elaborate crane, you can make them all, and, what's more, you can make them work! Start if you wish with a No. 1 TRIX at 6d.—it has 51 pieces. Every now and then you can add to this, or even buy a larger set.

There are Gear Sets, which make the wheels go round, and for half-a-crown only "TRICY TRIX," the electric TRIX, which works from an ordinary pocket battery.

"MOTO TRIX," with the famous "Trix Motor," gives you even greater power; whilst the very last word in magnificence and completeness are the "TRIX MAJOR" and "SUPER TRIX," two lovely sets each in its handsome case. There are lots of others besides, all at most reasonable prices. You ought to see them.

Christmas Offers

4 Belgium Prince Bedouin 5d. Complete Set (8)	s. d.
10 Scarce used Jubilees, all different	2 3
4 Mint Queen Astrid 4d., or complete set (8)	6
50 Different Air Mails 2/6, or 100 at ...	7 6
10 Mozambique Triangular Air Mails complete	1 6
1,000 Different all the World stamps ...	4 0
500 Different British Colonials ...	12 6

Ask to see my Series "A." 650 British Colonials, for selection at 4d. per stamp.

Full illustrated Price List gratis.

J. SANDERS, 3, Commercial Rd., Southampton.

The "Vatican" Pkt. FREE!

Vatican State stamps are very uncommon, but there is a fine short set of them in this excellent packet of 32 varieties. They include a "Sword of Light" stamp, one depicting the Papal arms, and another the Crown of St. Stephen. Stamps from Jugo-Slavia (Boy King), U.S.A. (President Roosevelt), pair Germany (late President Hindenburg and Swastika), a Catholic Exhibition stamp, and sets of Decan, Australia and old Canadians. 2 May issues, Hong Kong and Charkari. Finally, a stamp depicting Mussolini, a Madrid double head stamp, and a beautiful issue showing Pope Pius XI. Send immediately 2d. postage requesting approvals.

Lisburn & Townsend Ltd. (Dept. CN), Liverpool 13.

Good it's Mason's

FILL IN COUPON BELOW FOR 3 BOTTLE CASE

This sample of Mason's Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences will convince you that for purity, strength, flavour they make the best home-made wines.

MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE

The popular favourite in thousands of homes. Warming, comforting and refreshing. Ideal for parties. (Non-alcoholic).

Price 9d. per bottle from Chemists, Grocers and Stores everywhere.

COUPON FOR SAMPLE

TO NEWBELL & MASON LTD., NOTTINGHAM. Please send me sample case of your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences. I enclose 9d. in stamps.

Name and Address in Block Letters C.N.



Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V 144

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

THE SIDE LINE

A Railway Mystery

By Harold Avery

CHAPTER 11

Bad News

JACK went over to where Joe Perth was standing. "Well, what is it?" he asked.

The lad cast a nervous glance in the direction of Hugh and Joyce, who had seated themselves on the grass beside the wicket. It was clear he did not wish them to hear what he was going to say.

"I couldn't come before, sir; I've been driven nearly wild. My father's been took up by the police for trying to murder old Caleb Rowen."

"What!" exclaimed Jack. "That can't be true."

"It's not true, sir. I'm dead sure it isn't. Father's been going straight of late, though, as you know, he used not to care much what he did, and got himself a bad name."

Jack nodded. He had always had a secret liking for Sam Perth, who had given him some rather rare specimens for his collection of bird's eggs. But the man was given to poaching, for which offence he had been brought before the magistrates more than once.

"I'm certain it was no more his doing than it was yours, Master Jack. But he's got caught in a trap, and I don't see how he's going to get out."

As quickly as he could he described what had happened. His father had been working for a neighbouring farmer who for a few weeks had needed an extra hand; but the time had come to look out for another job. After leaving the farm the previous evening Sam Perth had come home to tea, then started off on a four-mile tramp to see a man named Neal, who, some months before, had said a job might be had at the quarry where he himself was employed. Neal and his wife lived in a cottage which stood by itself at the end of a lane some distance from the main road, and on reaching it Sam got no reply to his knocks. The door was locked, and there was evidently no one at home.

Thinking that the man and his wife must return before long, Sam stepped to a wood pile and made a fairly comfortable resting-place on some faggots. He waited and waited, then, tired out after his day's work and the long walk, he fell asleep. It must have been close on midnight when he awoke, and, deciding that the Neals must have gone to visit their son who lived in Wedmouth, he left the cottage and started on his tramp back to Gratton. He had not gone far when he saw, lying on the road, a rabbit which must have been killed by a car. He picked it up and took it with him, thinking that it would make a supper for himself and Joe.

"It was one of the most unlucky things he ever did," said Joe. "One of the first things the police spotted when they came into our kitchen was that rabbit, and of course they won't believe Father's story that he picked it up in the road."

"When did they come?" asked Jack.

"They were there, sir, when I got back from the forge—Lucas and the sergeant. The idea they've got is that Father was poaching last night in Hanley Park; that as he was coming away he nearly ran into Caleb Rowen, and, fearing he might be recognised, he knocked the old man down. Dad was forced to admit that he didn't get home till round about one o'clock in the morning, and he can't prove he went to see Neal because there was no one at the cottage. What makes it all the worse is that he'd been poaching in Hanley Park the last time he was had up before the magistrates."

"But that's no proof he went there again," said Jack. "The police must have some better evidence to go on than mere guesswork."

"That's what I'm coming to, sir. They asked if he could deny having what's called a gate-net—it's a thing made of stout cord that's used for catching hares. Dad said he'd had one once, but he'd lost it with the rest of his gear the night he was caught, and he hadn't seen it since. With that they told him they'd found a gate-net close to where Caleb had been attacked, and that's what showed it must have been done by a poacher."

"The sergeant asked him how he was going to prove that net wasn't his."

"Dad said he could tell his own net because in one corner it had been broken, and he'd mended the place with a piece of green whipcord. Then it's your net, right enough, cried the sergeant. It's been mended with green cord just as you

said. With that Dad lost his temper; he showed fight and," he ended miserably, "they took him into custody."

Jack's heart sank. He could see now that there was good reason for suspicion to have fallen on Sam Perth and that it would be difficult for the man to prove himself innocent. But it was a terrible thing for Joe; for he was such a real good sort, always ready to use those clever hands of his in doing another person a service.

"I don't believe for a moment it was your father, Joe. I'd do anything to help you if I had the chance."

"I'm sure you would, sir; but I don't see what anyone can do unless the man who was using that net comes forward and owns up it was him as knocked Rowen down. It isn't likely he'll do that. I thought I'd just come and tell you, and now I'll be off."

"D'you mind if I tell my cousins what you've said?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied Joe after a moment's hesitation. "They're bound to hear it."

There was no more cricket that evening. Both Hugh and Joyce were shocked when they heard the story. There was the dreadful possibility, if Caleb Rowen died, that the lad's father might be tried for murder.

"It was done by some fellow poaching," said Jack, as he drew the stumps. "I expect what Caleb thought to be a tramp

lying on the grass was a sack filled with dead hares and rabbits. Of course the poacher didn't want it seen, so he knocked the old man down and made off as fast as he could. He took the bag with him but forgot to pick up his net."

The mention of rabbits reminded Joyce of a promise Uncle Peter had made that she should have a pair of young Angoras to take home with her. This turned her thoughts to another subject, and for the time being prevented her from brooding over the question as to what would happen to Sam Perth. On leaving the cricket pitch she went down the garden, and spent a happy half hour watching her new pets.

But at bedtime, while undressing, she remembered what her uncle had said at the tea-table, and in the night it was her turn to be troubled with a bad dream.

JACKO STEPS OUT

JACKO was very curious to see the early morning fruit market, and at last he persuaded his greengrocer friend to take him.

"You'll have to be up with the lark tomorrow," the man warned him.

"Trust me!" grinned Jacko, and to make quite sure he set his alarm clock for 5 a.m.

But he forgot to put the catch back, so it didn't go off, and it was nearly six when Jacko woke. He jumped up, scrambled into his clothes, and raced off.

The market was in full swing when they got there, and men were scurrying about with such stacks of fruit that

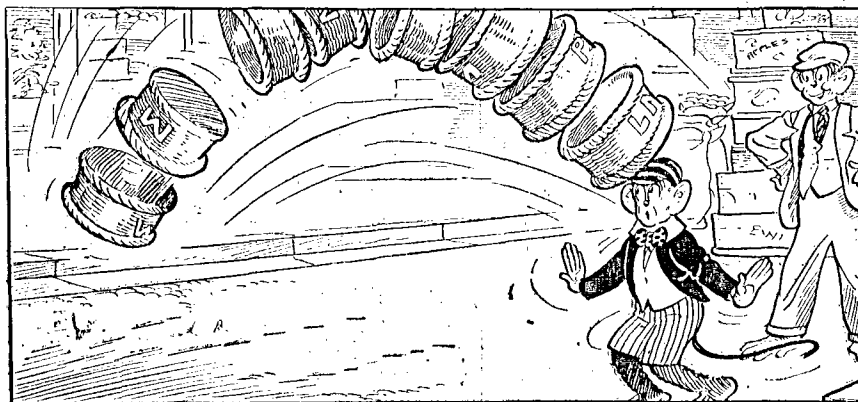
The man piled on some empty baskets "Try these with nothing in 'em first my lad," he suggested. "Off you go!"

Jacko went. Head well up; chest well out. It was as easy as winking. He could manage more than that!

He ran across to a pile of baskets standing by themselves. But they weren't empty ones; they were half full of over-ripe tomatoes.

"Coo! Some squash!" muttered Jacko. "Don't matter. They'll do."

He picked up a couple, set the empty ones on top, and balanced the lot on his head. "What price this for stepping out?" he cried.



Unfortunately he stepped on a banana-skin

Jacko was bewildered. "Coo!" he chuckled, smacking his lips. "This is the sort of hustle-bustle I like!"

He liked sampling the fruit too, and was busy munching his third apple when a man walked past balancing a pile of baskets on his head.

"You couldn't do that if you tried for a month," said the greengrocer.

"Couldn't I?" he retorted. "You stick a skyscraper on my head and see!"

Unfortunately he stepped on a banana-skin.

Whoops! He lurched forward, his baskets toppled, and over they went. The empty ones rolled away in all directions, then splash! A perfect avalanche of squashy fruit fell about him. He was in a nice mess.

The greengrocer roared with laughter. But Mother Jacko didn't laugh when she saw the state of his clothes.

She was in a place which seemed a queer mixture of Home Meadow and Hanley Park, and she was trying to prevent the two rabbits her uncle had given her from being caught by a poacher who was lying in wait for them behind some bushes. The rabbits had got loose and were running about in a bed of bracken. Wildly she tried to capture them and get them back into their hutches, then, when at last this was done, the hutch fell to pieces and the chase began all over again. But worse was still to come. From behind the bushes sprang—not a poacher, but that horrible figurehead, the Saracen, had come to life and no mistake this time. It took a flying leap and—

Joyce awoke gasping for breath, and it was a relief to find that she was safe in bed at Norcott Farm.

"What a baby I am to be afraid of a wooden figure," she murmured. "It's nothing more than a big doll, and can't hurt anyone."

She decided that if, on the day of the picnic, she had seen the head sooner she would not have been frightened. It was the sudden discovery of it when she was so close to the laurels that had given her such a shock.

"I hope we shan't see it next time we go to the park," she said to herself. "It may have been taken away and put in the garden near the house, as Jack thinks they've done with the one he calls the Admiral."

With this comforting thought Joyce turned over and was soon asleep, but the wish that she might never see the Saracen again was destined not to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER 12

Stuff and Nonsense

HEAVY rain was beating against the window-panes when Joyce woke in the morning, and the sight of it streaming down the glass made her feel depressed. It was not until she arrived down at the breakfast table that her spirits revived.

"There's a letter for you," said Mrs Blake. The letter was from Cousin Helen, asking Joyce and Hugh to pay her a visit at Wedmouth before they went home. They were to stay at least a couple of nights; longer if they could be spared.

As it was too wet to go out of doors

Joyce settled down to write letters, one to a school friend, and another to Cousin Helen accepting her invitation. The two boys amused themselves in an attic, where Jack had rigged up a carpenter's bench. By midday the rain had ceased, and Jack decided to run down to a shop in the village to get some nails.

Dark clouds were still lowering overhead as he set off on his errand. He reached the shop, bought the nails, and had begun his journey home when the rain began to fall in what seemed little short of a cloudburst.

"Great Scott!" Jack muttered. "I shall be drenched to the skin by the time I get to the farm."

He was passing the churchyard; it was only a few yards up a straight path to the church porch, and, opening the gate, he made a dash for shelter. A man who was hurrying along behind him followed his example. It was not till they were both under cover that they recognised each other.

"Hallo, Mr Hamble!"

"So it's you! Good thing you aren't out on that special train of yours. My word, it is coming down!"

There was a stone bench inside the porch, on which they seated themselves.

"I suppose you've heard about this old man being nearly killed by a poacher away at Hanley Park?" began Stephen Hamble.

"It's true that Caleb Rowen was knocked down by someone, but I don't believe it was done by Sam Perth," replied Jack.

"How did it happen?" asked Hamble.

Jack repeated the story which his father had heard at the hospital. Hamble frowned and shrugged his shoulders.

"As likely as not it was the same poacher poisoned my dog," he growled. "So the old man was found by the side of the railway where he'd been crossing the line. I wonder," he added, with a laugh, "some-one didn't suggest that he'd been knocked down by the ghost?"

"What ghost?" asked Jack.

"D'you mean to say you've never heard that the railway is supposed to be haunted?" Jack smiled, and shook his head.

"Well, that's queer," said Hamble. "I heard the story soon after I came here. One man—I don't remember his name—said he wouldn't walk along the line after dark from here to Wedmouth if he were paid £100."

"But what was he afraid of?"

"He was afraid of meeting the ghost. I understand there's a tunnel between Gratton and Wedmouth, and somewhere, just before you come to it, a platelayer was found lying dead with his head cut off by a train. Since then his ghost has been seen several times walking on the line."

"That seems to me a lot of nonsense," said Jack stoutly, and, as there were signs that the storm was passing, Stephen Hamble rose from his seat and stepped out of the porch.

"Well, good day," he called back over his shoulder. "Let me know if you decide to have another picnic in Hanley Park. I should like to go with you and see the place," he added.

Jack set off for home. He was nearing the end of the village street when he passed the house of the ex-stationmaster. Mr Farlow was standing at his front door. The boy slackened his pace.

"It's a funny thing, I was just thinking about you," said Mr Farlow. "I've turned up that photograph of the first train that was run on the railway. You said you'd like to see it, so, if you can spare a moment, you can come in and look at it now."

The speaker led the way into his parlour, and five minutes were spent in examining the photograph.

"By the way, Mr Farlow," said Jack suddenly, "is it true that the village believes that the railway is haunted?" And he repeated what he had just heard.

"It's all stuff and nonsense," scoffed Mr Farlow. "There never has been a man killed on that line, and I ought to know, seeing I've been here since it was opened. Who invented that yarn, I wonder?"

"Mr Hamble couldn't remember his name," replied Jack.

"It's to be hoped he isn't fool enough to believe such rubbish," laughed Mr Farlow. "Well, good morning. The glass is rising, so you may hope for fine weather again tomorrow."

Jack continued his homeward journey with a puzzled look on his face. He wished he knew who had made up that silly ghost story. He fancied it must have been done for some purpose other than the hoaxing of a stranger. Possibly it was an attempt to find out if Stephen Hamble was a simpleton.

"He's no fool," thought Jack. "I wonder why anyone should have tried to pull his leg."

TO BE CONTINUED

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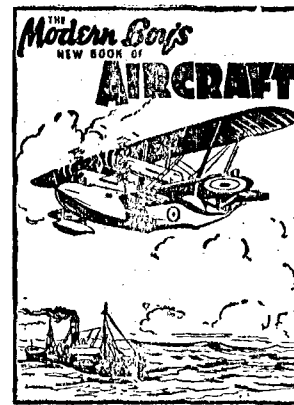
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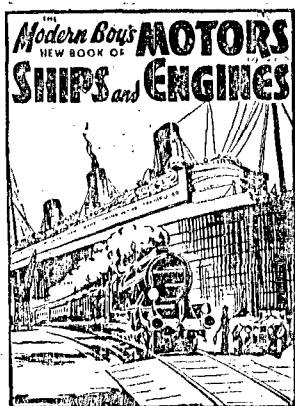
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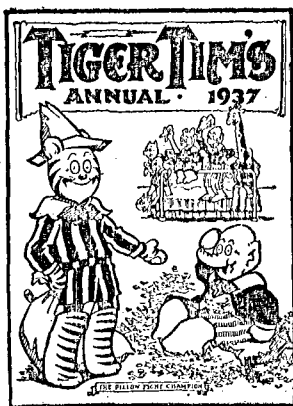
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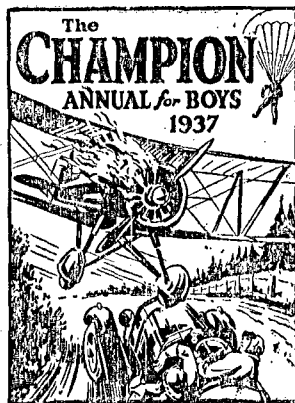
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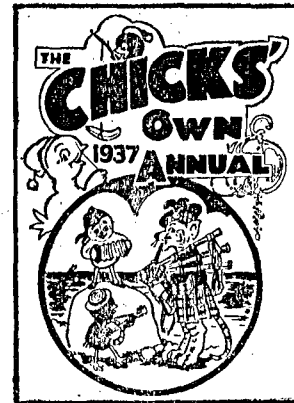
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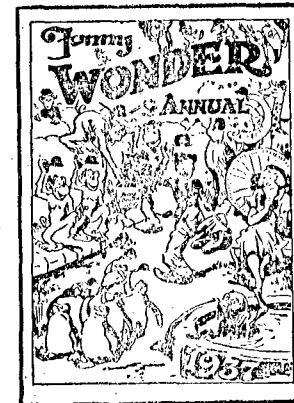
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December 19, 1936

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THE BRAN TUB

Arithmetical Puzzle

A SURVEYOR was testing the depth of water and mud with an eighteen-foot pole. "How deep is the mud?" asked a bystander. "Well," replied the surveyor, "my pole is twice as deep in water as in mud, and twice as much above both as in water and mud together." How deep was the mud? *Answer next week*

A Tearaway Fellow

THERE was a young fellow of Fleet Whose hands were as strong as his feet. He said, "I declare, Everything I can tear!" And straightway he tore up the street.

This Week in Nature

THE Christmas rose, or to give it the true name of black hellebore, can now be found in bloom. Its white or pale rose flowers are greatly welcome at this time of the year, and the plant is grown extensively for Christmas decoration and emblems.

ICI on Parle Français



Le cartable satchel Une école school La valise suitcase

Les vacances de Noël. Hourra! L'écolier serre son cartable, saisit sa valise, et sort de l'école en courant.

Xmas holidays. Hurrah! The schoolboy puts away his satchel, picks up his suitcase, and runs out of the school.

Cold Comfort

SMITH was trudging along homeward after spending several hours fishing in the lake.

"Catch anything?" asked his friend Jones.

"Yes," grunted Smith, "a nasty chill."

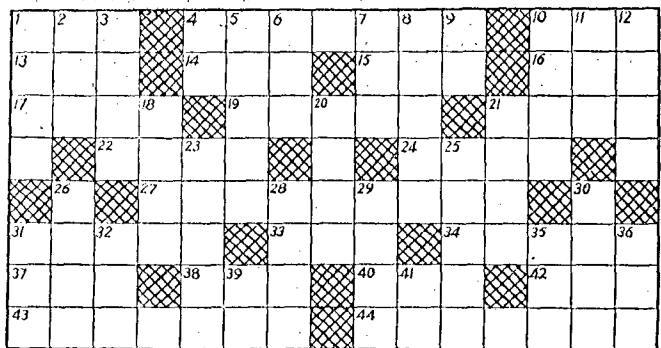
Transposition

To see me whole, observe a spring, But heedless, listen, I'm a thing You'll find among the kine. Again transposed, I'm at the farm; Reverse, and I shall cause alarm Mid forest, wood, and pine.

Answer next week

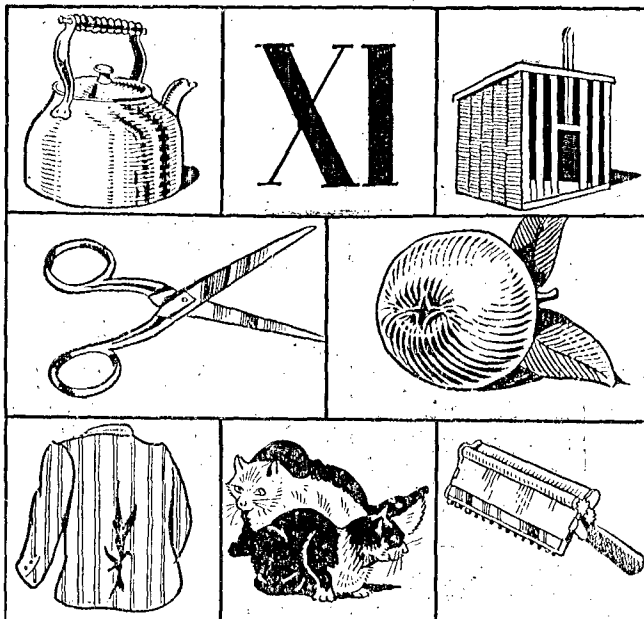
The CN Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues below. *Answer next week*
Reading Across. 1. A sheep. 4. Brief summary of a book. 10. Used for illuminating purposes. 13. A mineral consisting of a metal and some other substance. 14. To spoil. 15. A sack. 16. The edge. 17. Prefix signifying a half. 19. Lukewarm. 21. Long-eared rodent. 22. On one occasion. 24. Word used in hailing at sea. 27. This is fast approaching. 31. Apparatus used for turning wood or metal. 33. A meadow or grassy plain. 34. To appropriate unlawfully. 37. Exist. 38. A cloth measure. 40. Cooking utensil. 42. Female deer. 43. A footballer on the wing does this. 44. Precious stone



Reading Down. 1. Blooms best in June. 2. Unit of French superficial measure. 3. Memorandum. 4. A printer's measure. 5. Father. 6. Wrath. 7. River of Siberia. 8. My lady. 9. For example. 10. A dull or neutral tint. 11. A melody. 12. A sea duck. 13. Twelfth part of a foot. 20. Attitude assumed for effect. 21. A landlord. 23. A shout of joy. 25. Speed. 26. Another name for vetch. 28. Wrongs. 29. Narrow band of linen. 30. Prison. 31. Resinous substance used in preparing varnishes. 32. First double figure. 35. Period of time. 36. Guided. 39. French for the. 41. Order of Merit.

A Picture Acrostic



FIND the words represented by these pictures and rearrange them in order so that the initial letters spell something found at most Christmas parties, and the final letters spell something which we all hope to receive on Christmas morning. *Answer next week*

A Question of Weight

ASK a friend which weighs more, a pint of milk or a pint of cream?

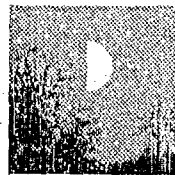
Most people answer that a pint of cream, being so much thicker than milk, is the heavier. But as cream floats on milk it must be lighter, so that a pint of milk weighs more than a pint of cream.

Who Are They?

MY first a young female has always been reckoned, And a person of still more importance my second; A small preposition my next may appear, And a sign of the zodiac brings up the rear; These, united, are persons who seem much inclined To do what they can for the good of mankind. *Answer next week*

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Venus and Mercury are in the South-West, and Saturn and Uranus are in the South. In the morning Mars is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 p.m. on December 21.



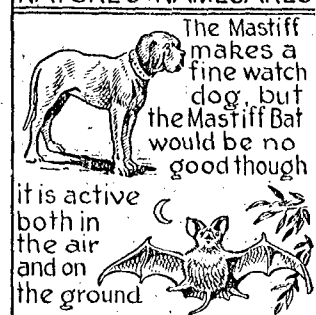
Jumbled Numbers

IF properly re-arranged the letters of each of the following phrases spell six numbers.

NEVER THIN YET
VERY OFTEN US
NEW TYNE VEST

HIGET FUR FOR TOY
TYRONE HIT *Answer next week*

NATURE'S NAMESAKES



A W Rhyme

EACH missing word in the following rhyme begins with W, and each dot stands for a missing letter. Can you fill in the gaps?

..... out for a
 Along a lane;
 He listened to a song
 And then on again.
 He saw a field of
 Between the boughs,
 He on by meadow sweet,
 Then stood and some cows,
 He turned evening fell,
 And bats round his head.
 Then in from the
 And, to bed.

Answer next week

The Would-Be Poet

BILL: I'm writing a poem, and I can't think of a rhyme for civil.
 Jack: What about drivell?

The Correct Term

IT is correct to speak of an assembly of ponies as a herd. We also speak of a troop of monkeys; a drove of cattle; a flight of doves; a band of horses; a flock of geese; a galaxy of stars; a school of whales; and a muster of peacocks.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Puzzle Word A Double Acrostic
 MILL, MILLE L yr E
 Riddle-Me-Ree A w L
 Article M azzin I
 B anan A
 The Mysterious Creature. Glass, lass, ass.

Tales Before Bedtime

Daffy's Present

THE children were discussing Mummy's Christmas present.

"I'm going to make her a photo-frame," announced Alan, flourishing his fret-saw.

"Oh, and I'll paint her a picture," cried Jim.

"And what can I make her?" shrilled Daffy, their little sister.

"You can't make her anything," said Alan; "you're too small."

"I can, can't I, Auntie?" protested Daffy to Auntie Mildred, who was looking after the children while their mother was away, taking care of Granny, who had been ill.

"We'll see what we can think of, darling," said her aunt.

"I want to give her a big surprise," went on Daffy eagerly, "so she'll think it's much better than the boys'." Alan and Jim hooted with laughter, but Daffy took no notice of them.

"I will tell you something you could do," Auntie Mildred said at last. "Now you've begun to have piano lessons you could learn a little tune."

"But I hate practising exercises," said Daffy.

"This isn't exercises," said Auntie, smiling; "it's a little tune called the Flower Waltz, and it was Mummy's favourite when she and I were little girls in the nursery. She would love to hear it again, I know. Listen: I'll play the waltz to you."

Auntie Mildred played it, and it was such a merry, dancing little tune that Daffy found herself skipping round the room, and even Alan began to whistle it.

So each day till Mummy came back Auntie taught Daffy a few bars, and Daffy practised hard.

And when at last Christmas Day came they all had a great time. After the photo-frame and picture from Alan and Jim had been presented it was Daffy's turn.

"And now Daffy has a surprise for you," said Auntie Mildred, for Daffy could not speak for excitement. She got on the piano-stool and played the Flower Waltz without a single mistake.

"Well, I never!" cried Mummy, jumping up and running across to hug her. "That's the Flower Waltz that I loved when I was a little girl. I haven't heard it for years! How lovely to hear it again!"

"Is it a surprise?" asked Daffy, beaming.

"I should think it is," said Mummy; "the loveliest surprise you could have given me. And now instead of the Flower Waltz I shall call it the Daffy Waltz."

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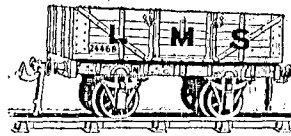
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